

BLUE RIBBON



COMICS



ACTION! MYSTERY! THRILLS!

JUNE No.4 10¢

**CONTEST
WINNERS
ANNOUNCED**



**CORPORAL
COLLINS
"INFANTRYMAN"**



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

Boys! G-MAN OUTFIT with LIE DETECTOR

MAIL THE
COUPON
TO START

**Earn This Thrilling Prize or Any of 300 Others
and Make Spending Money Every Week, Besides!**

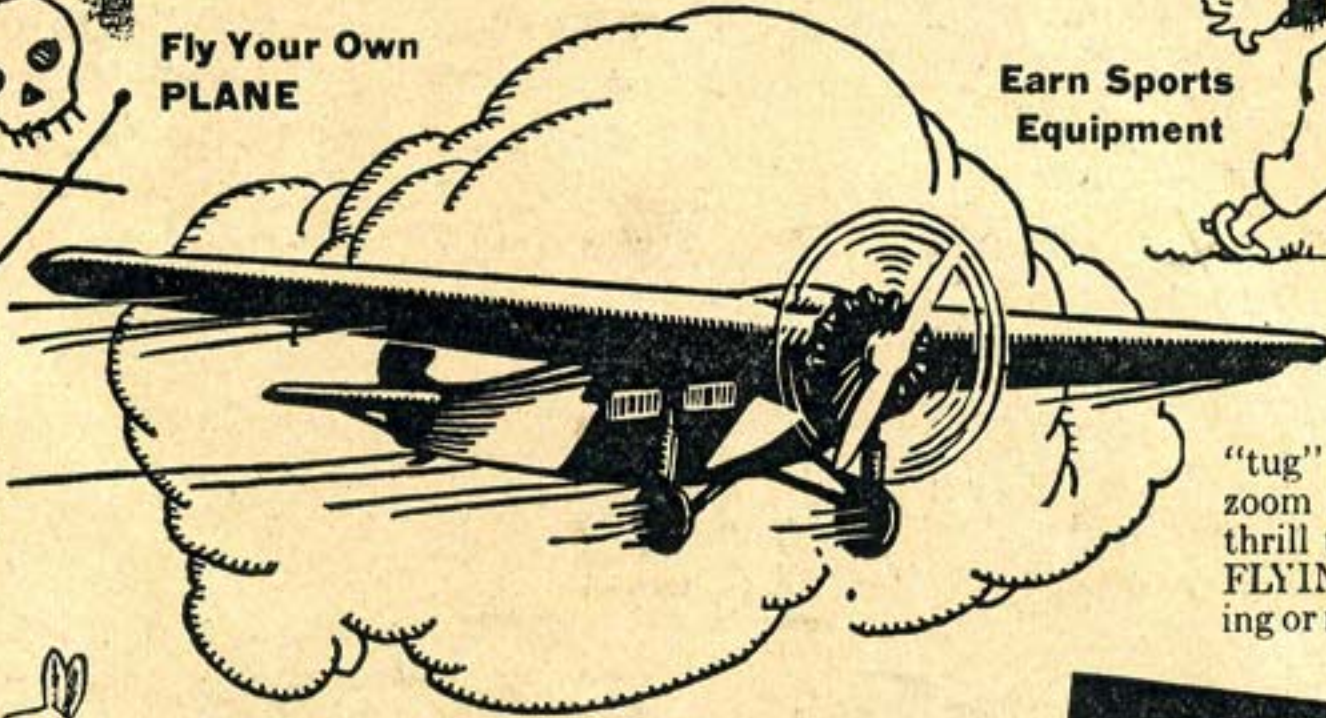
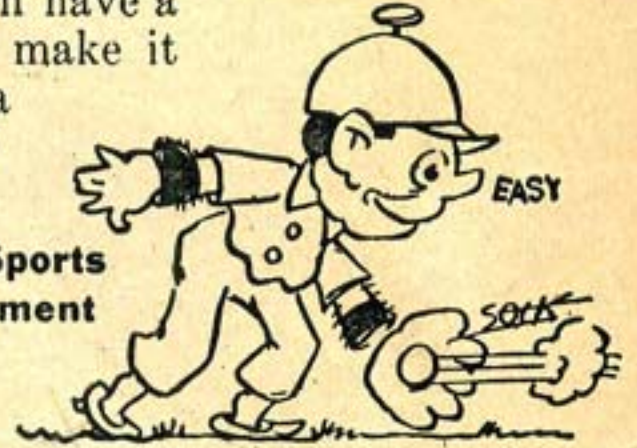
SH-H-H! Here's the secret. You can become a Junior G-Man with this scientific outfit. Includes 100-power microscope, radial lie detector, chemicals, and mysterious dyes. Pounce upon that strange fingerprint, run down the "suspect," then slap a lie detector on his arm as you begin your questioning. One of the most thrilling games imaginable.

This is but one of the many prizes you can earn, besides making your own **MONEY**. It's easy. Just deliver our popular magazines to people you obtain as customers in your neighborhood. Soon you'll have a money-making, prize-earning business. We'll make it so easy for you to start that you can earn a model plane kit the first day. Mail coupon **NOW**



**Fly Your Own
PLANE**

**Earn Sports
Equipment**



Ever built a plane of your own, stood on tip-toe to launch it, felt it "tug" to go, then watched it zoom into the sky? What a thrill to see your own creation **FLYING!** Earn the latest bombing or racing kits. Mail coupon.

With our book of inside dope you can soon pull amazing feats of magic that will make your chums goggle-eyed! Get in on the fun. Earn prizes. Make money. To start, mail coupon.

**Become
an Ace
Magician**



Speedy Streamlined Bike

IMAGINE yourself diving out of bed, racing downstairs, and finding **THIS** bike on your doorstep. Imagine leaping upon the cushion-soft saddle, pressing the pedals, and zooming down the street with a flash! Large balloon tires, side-kick stand, matched horn and headlight!

This need not be an idle dream. You can have a bike of your own. You can have other dandy prizes, such as a gold watch, a movie machine, or a portable typewriter. You can have **MONEY** jingling in your pockets. The way to do it is to build up a business of your own, and deliver our magazines in your neighborhood. It's easy to start. Mail the coupon *now*.



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

**Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 951
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio**

Dear Jim: Sure I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes and make my own spending money. Send me your **PRIZE BOOK** showing nearly 300 prizes boys can earn, and help me get off to a flying start.

Name.....Address.....

City.....State.....Your Age.....



RANG-A-TANG

THE

WONDER DOG

by Ed Smalle and Joe Blair



HARDLY EVER IN HISTORY HAS SUCH FAITH EXISTED BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST AS EXISTS BETWEEN RANG-A-TANG, THE WONDER DOG, AND HIS MASTER, HY SPEED, THE ACE DETECTIVE. SIDE BY SIDE, THE TWO WAGE A NEVER-ENDING BATTLE FOR LAW AND ORDER..... RANG-A-TANG, WITH HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE EYES AND EARS, HIS UNERRING SENSE OF SMELL AS WELL AS HIS AMAZING STRENGTH AND AGILITY, MORE THAN MAKES UP FOR HIS INABILITY TO SPEAK.....

IN THIS EPISODE, THE WONDER DOG AND HIS MASTER ARE ENJOYING A VACATION CRUISE TO CALIFORNIA VIA THE PANAMA CANAL ABOARD THE S.S. PLACIDA.....

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SHIP DOCKS AT COLON, PANAMA!

HEY! I JUST GOT TO SLEEP! WHAT'S THE IDEA, RANG?



LEAD ON, RANG! I GUESS YOU HEARD SOMETHING I MISSED!



BERT PINE HAS BEEN MURDERED, SPEED!

I SEE, AND THIS IS DR. MARLIN, THE INVENTOR OF THE NEW SECRET DEFENSE WEAPON FOR THE CANAL ZONE!

YES, SOMEONE KNEW MY ASSISTANT, BERT PINE, CARRIED HALF THE PLAN FOR THE SECRET WEAPON!

THE WONDER DOG LEADS HY TO STATE-ROOM "D"



SO THEY MURDERED HIM AND TOOK THE PLANS!

YES! I HAVE THE REST OF THE PLANS, AND I'M AFRAID I'LL BE NEXT!

YOU'VE GOT TO STEP IN AND SOLVE THIS, SPEED!

WHILE THE MEN TALK, RANG-A-TANG FINDS A CLUE OUTSIDE THE STATE-ROOM!

GOOD BOY, RANG, YOU'VE GOT THE SCENT! NOW GO GET THE FELLOW WHO OWNS THESE!

SAY, THOSE ARE AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF MARLIN'S GLASSES!

RANG LEADS THEM TO....

A FOREIGN ART DEALER PLAYING SOLITAIRE IN THE GAME ROOM!

SIR! ARE THESE YOUR GLASSES?

BUT YAS! DANK YOU SO MUCH!

BUT THE ART DEALER HAS AN AIR-TIGHT ALIBI.

STEWARD, HAS THIS GENTLEMAN BEEN HERE ALL EVENING?

YES, SIR! THE COUNT'S PLAYED SOLITAIRE ALL NIGHT RIGHT AT THAT TABLE!

I HAVE MISS DESE SINCE TWO DAYS AGO! SOMEONE TAKE DEM FROM MY CABIN!

I'M TRYING TO LOCATE SOME SECRET PLANS.... DID COUNT VON MEISTER DEPOSIT A PACKAGE WITH YOU?

YES, HE DID! ABOUT A HALF-HOUR AGO!

LATER, AT THE PURSER'S OFFICE-

ANY CHANCE FOR ME TO EXAMINE IT?

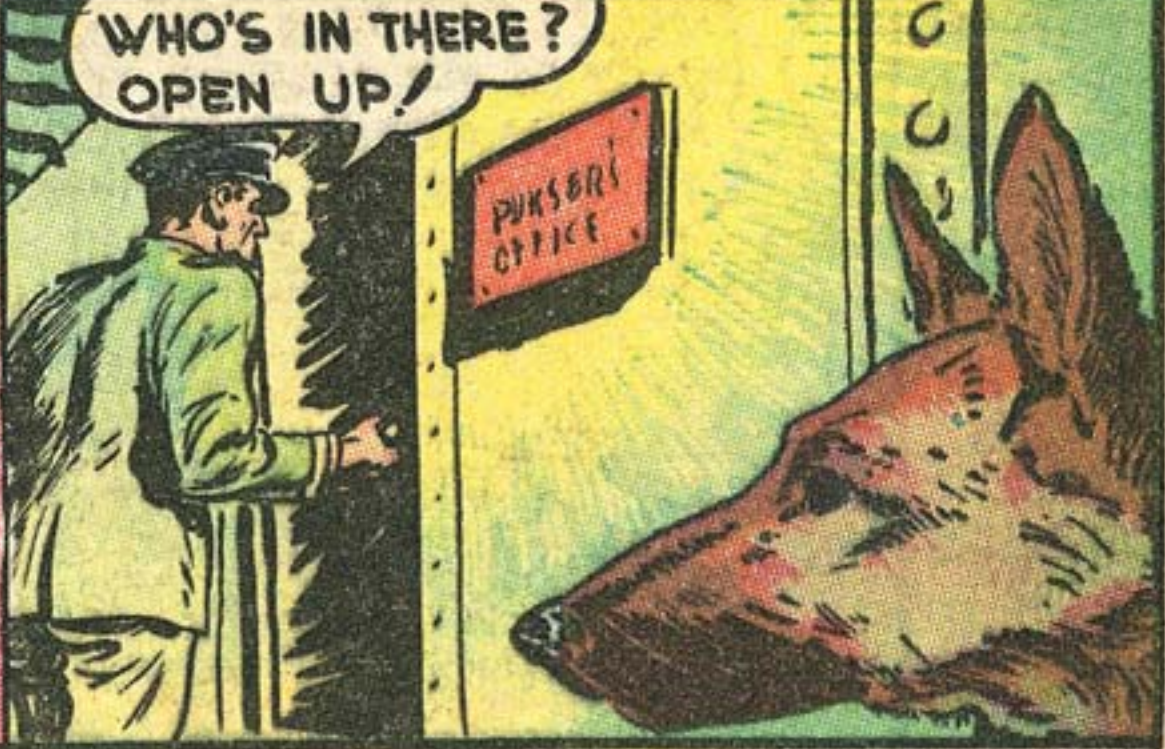
NOT IF YOU WERE J. EDGAR HOOVER! SHIP'S RULES - SORRY!

AFTER THE PURSER HAS LOCKED UP, HY BREAKS INTO HIS OFFICE!



KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT, RANG. I HATE TO DO THIS BUT I MUST SEE THAT PACKAGE!

A PASSING OFFICER HEARS HY AS HE MOVES ABOUT



WHO'S IN THERE? OPEN UP!

RANG SPEEDS TO THE TOP DECK.....



UNWINDS ROPE FROM A STANCHION.



AND DROPS THE ROPE OVER THE SHIP'S SIDE!



TRAPPED IN THE PURSER'S OFFICE BELOW, HY SEES THE ROPE OUTSIDE THE PORT HOLE!



NICE WORK, RANG. THIS SAVES MY NECK!

THE DETECTIVE ESCAPES BY CLIMBING UP THE ROPE.



THANKS, OLD FELLOW! TOO BAD, THOUGH — THAT PACKAGE OF THE COUNT'S WAS WORTHLESS TO US!

SUDDENLY!



MAN OVERBOARD! HURRY! HE CAN'T SWIM!

RANG-A-TANG DIVES TO THE RESCUE!



IT LOOKS LIKE MARLIN!



THE DROWNING MAN GOES UNDER! RANG, NEAR EXHAUSTION, STILL SEARCHES FOR HIM!



HY CALLS HIM BACK

EASY, OLD BOY, YOU DID YOUR BEST!

WHAT A DOG! BATTLING THAT SEA!



LATER, IN SPEED'S CABIN ...

WELL, SPEED, IT LOOKS AS IF SOMEONE DID GET MARLIN!

I'M AFRAID SO, CAPTAIN. LET'S SEARCH HIS CABIN AND SEE IF THE PLANS ARE GONE!



AT CABIN "D" ...

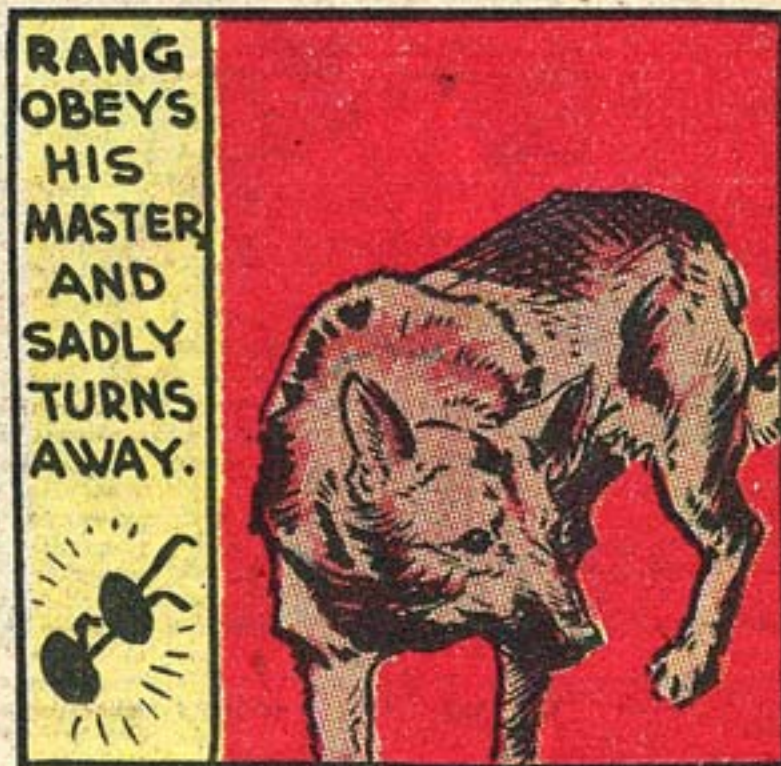
ANYTHING WRONG, CAPTAIN?

MARLIN! WE THOUGHT YOU'D DROWNED!



RANG! AS YOU WERE!

SUDDENLY, RANG PREPARES TO SPRING AT MARLIN!!



RANG OBEYS HIS MASTER AND SADLY TURNS AWAY.



KEEP THAT DOG AWAY FROM ME!

POOR DOG! HE PROBABLY THOUGHT YOU WERE A GHOST!

HM-I'M NOT SO SURE!



CAPTAIN-ORDER EVERYONE ON BOARD TO LIFEBOAT STATIONS! WE'LL CHECK EVERYONE, AND FIND OUT WHO WENT OVERBOARD!

AT LIFE-BOAT STATION "6" THEY FIND A MAN MISSING!



MARTIN WHEELER, EH? LET'S SEE HIS CABIN!



WE'RE IN LUCK, SPEED, HERE'S A PICTURE OF THE MISSING MAN!



FINDING NOTHING MORE OF VALUE, THEY GIVE UP FOR THE NIGHT—HY PROMISES TO GUARD MARLIN CLOSELY UNTIL THE BOAT DOCKS IN THE MORNING!



NEXT MORNING AT COLON—

GOING ASHORE, MR. MARLIN?

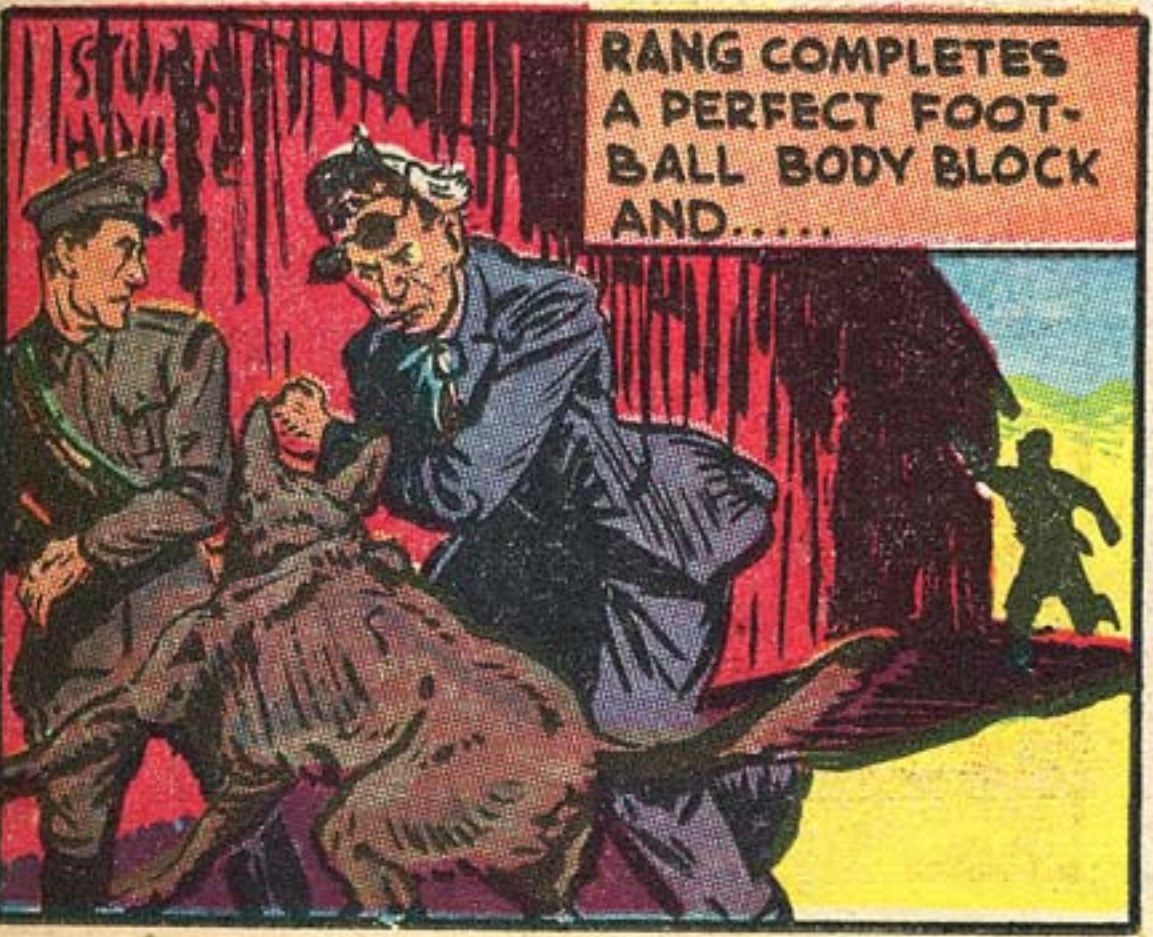
YES, I HAVE A CONFERENCE WITH ARMY OFFICIALS!

I'M TAKING CARE OF MARLIN, FLAT-FOOT



RANG SUDDENLY MAKES A DASH FOR MARLIN!

IF THAT GUY'S AN ARMY OFFICER, I'M.... HEY! RANG!



RANG COMPLETES A PERFECT FOOT-BALL BODY BLOCK AND.....



MARLIN TURNS OUT TO BE THE MISSING MAN, WHEELER, BUT.....

STORE HOUSE #7

HY IS
HIT!



THE FAITHFUL DOG GIVES UP THE CHASE TO PROTECT HIS MASTER BY SHIELDING HIM FROM THE BULLETS WITH HIS OWN BODY!



HURRY, DOC!
RANG HAS
THE SCENT.
WE CAN TRAIL
THOSE FEL-
LOWS!

YOU'RE LUCKY.
THAT BULLET
JUST GRAZED
YOU!



THE SHIP'S DOC-
TOR BANDAGES
HY'S WOUNDS!

WITH
HIS
WOUND
PATCHED
UP, HY
AND
RANG
TAKE
UP THE
CHASE!

SO WHEELER AND
THAT ARMY GUY
GOT MOUNTS
HERE.





TWO MEN RENTED HORSES? WHEN?

FEEF-TEEN MINUTES AGO - DAY GO THAT WAY!

HORSES FOR



HY HIRES A HORSE, AND THE PUR-SUIT GOES ON!

HOURS LATER THE TRAIL BRINGS THEM TO THE SWAMP COUNTRY.....

HERE'S WHERE WE LEAVE OLD DOBBIN, I GUESS.....



THEY PLUNGE INTO THE WILD PAN-AMA FOREST -



QUICKSAND! I'M TRAPPED! LOOK OUT!

HELPLESS, THE DETECTIVE SINKS DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE SLIME. THEN.....



THE WONDER DOG MAKES A TREMENDOUS LEAP INTO A TREE.....



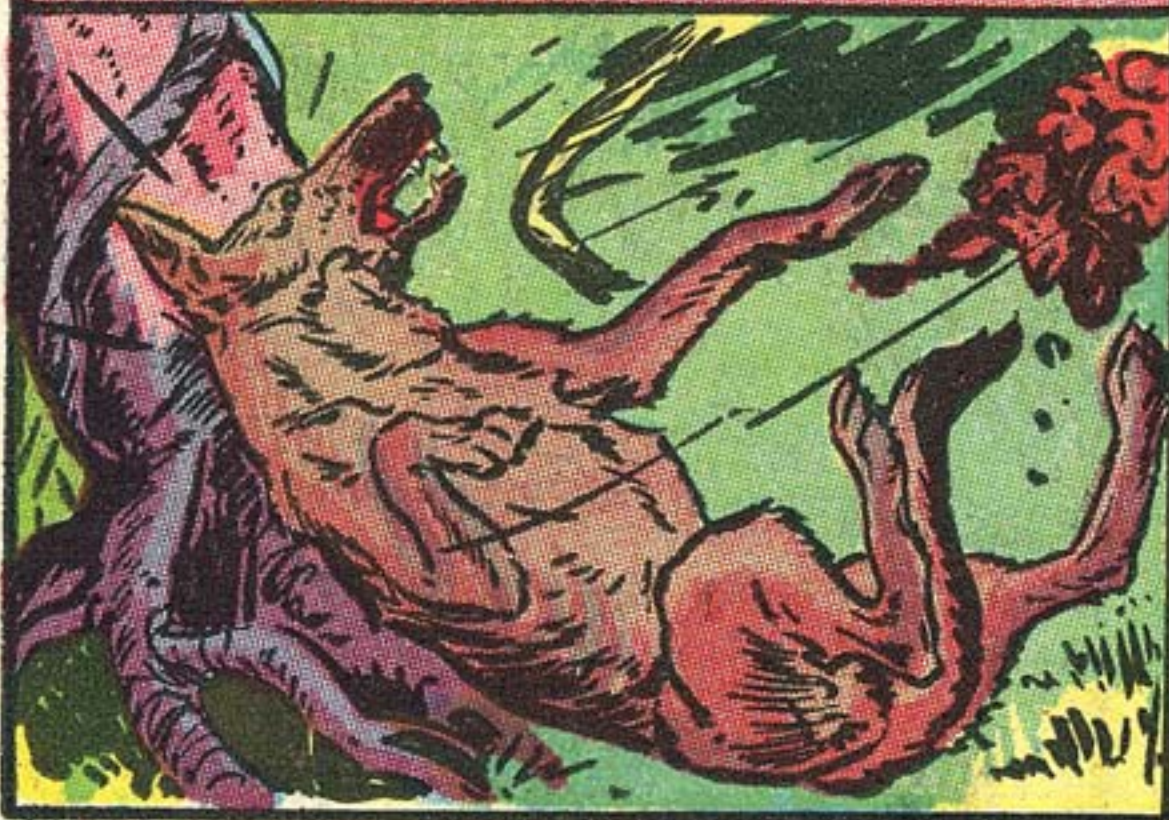
RANG GNAWS AWAY A ROPE-LIKE VINE AND....



WATCH YOUR-SELF, RANG!

SWINGS ACROSS THE QUICKSAND.

AS HE RELEASES THE VINE, RANG CRASHES INTO ANOTHER TREE TRUNK....



HY GRABS THE VINE AS IT SWINGS BACK, AND PULLS HIMSELF TO SAFETY!



RANG, OLD BOY, SNAP OUT OF IT!



GO ON, SHOOT HIM!

I'M ALL OUT OF BULLETS! WE'LL TIE HIM UP AND DUMP HIM IN THE LAKE FROM OUR BOAT!



SNAP IT UP! IF WE GET ACROSS THE LAKE, WE CAN MAKE IT TO PANAMA CITY!

OKAY! I CAN SURE USE THE DOUGH WE'RE GETTIN' FOR THOSE PLANS!



DISREGARDING THE TRAIL, RANG'S KEEN EARS TAKES HIM ON THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO THE LAKE!

MEANWHILE, THE SOUND OF A BOAT'S MOTOR BRINGS RANG TO HIS SENSES!



THE WONDER DOG TAKES IN THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE!



HE MANEUVERS FOR POSITION....



AS THE BOAT REACHES A JUTTING CLIFF....



RANG LEAPS!



HE JUDGES HIS DISTANCE PERFECTLY....



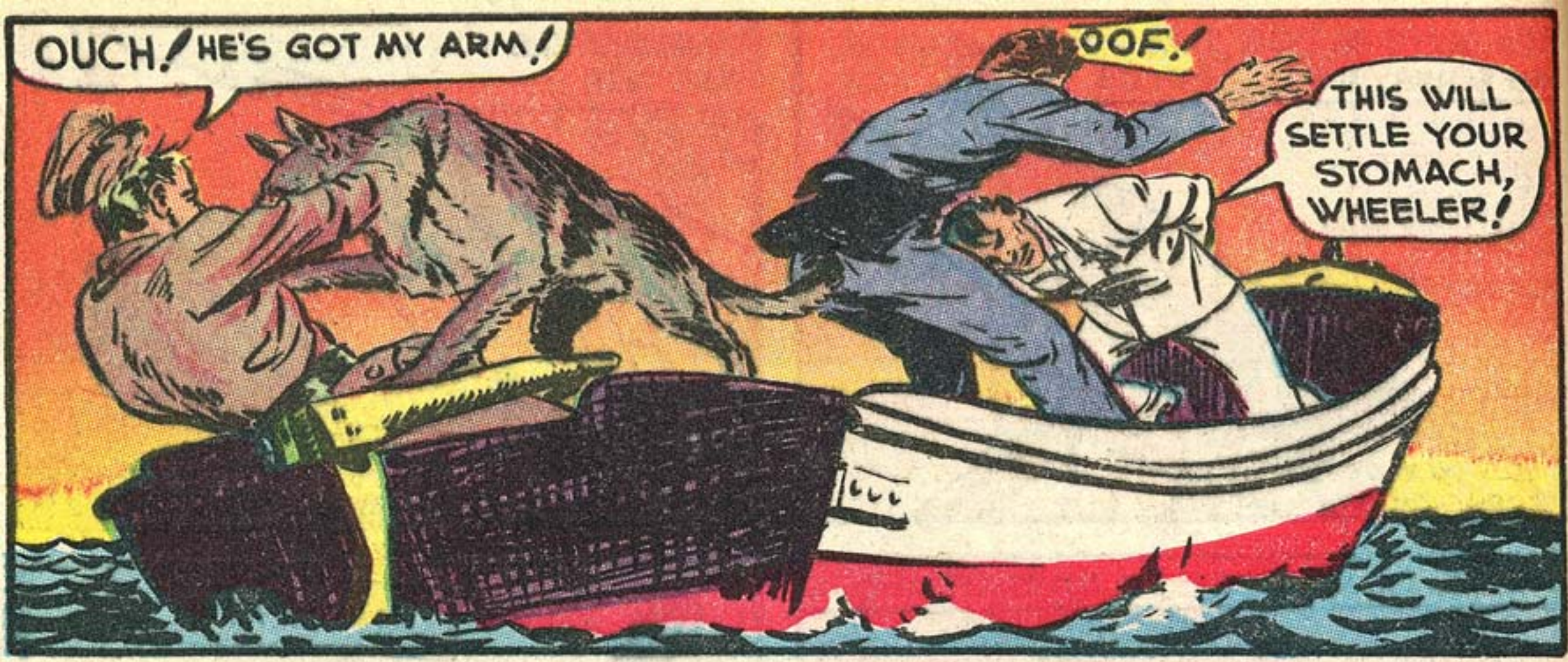
MEANWHILE, HY SPEED HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS!



OUCH! HE'S GOT MY ARM!

OOF!

THIS WILL SETTLE YOUR STOMACH, WHEELER!

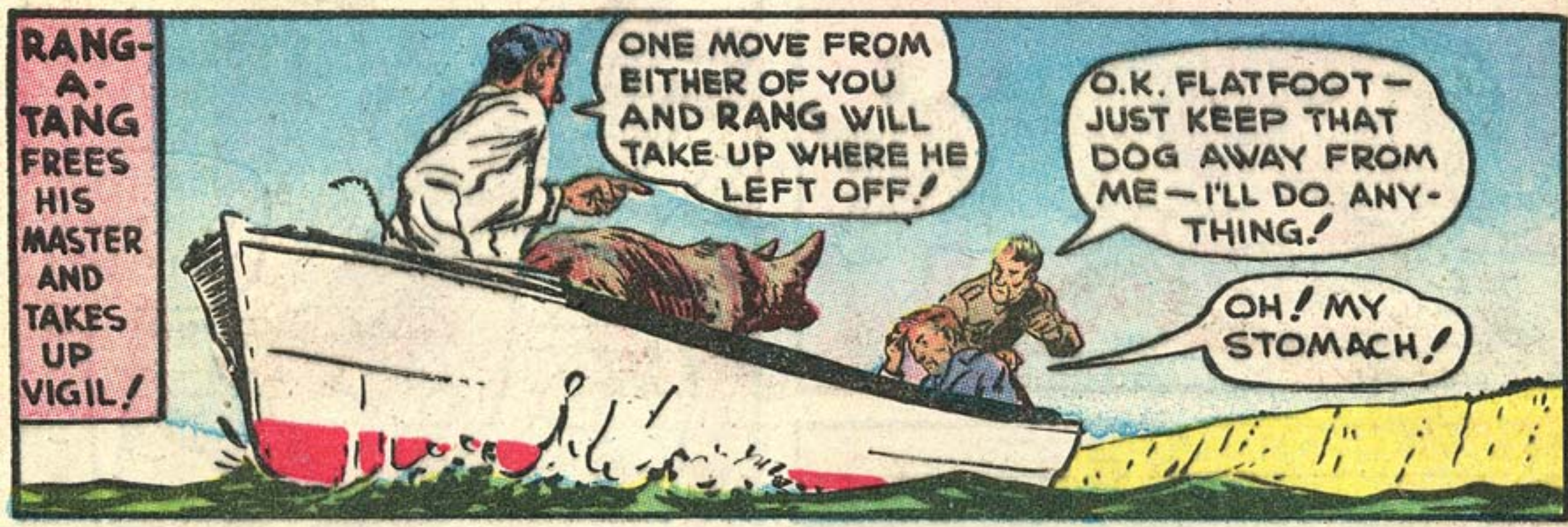


RANG-A-TANG FREES HIS MASTER AND TAKES UP VIGIL!

ONE MOVE FROM EITHER OF YOU AND RANG WILL TAKE UP WHERE HE LEFT OFF!

O.K. FLATFOOT - JUST KEEP THAT DOG AWAY FROM ME - I'LL DO ANYTHING!

OH! MY STOMACH!



UNITED STATES ARMY OFFICIALS WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU, WHEELER! AND TO GET THOSE SECRET PLANS BACK. - HEAD THIS BOAT FOR COLON AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

YOU WERE PRETTY CLEVER, WHEELER! YOU MADE A DEAL WITH FOREIGN SPIES TO DELIVER MARLIN'S PLANS TO THEM. THEN.....



YOU DISGUISED YOURSELF AS MARLIN, AND THUS WERE ABLE TO GET INTO BERT PINE'S ROOM, WHERE YOU KILLED HIM AND TOOK HIS HALF OF THE SECRET PLANS.....

YOU WAYLAID MARLIN, STOLE THE REST OF THE PLANS, AND THEN THREW HIM OVERBOARD - KNOWING HE COULDN'T SWIM!



**SPEED
MARCHES
HIS
PRISONERS
TO ARMY
HEAD-
QUARTERS.**



**YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH
EVIDENCE TO SEND
THESE MEN TO
PRISON FOR A
LONG TIME,
SPEED!**

**THANK YOU, SIR!
BUT THE REAL
CREDIT GOES
TO RANG-A-
TANG!**



**WELL, RANG-A-
TANG! IF YOU
DON'T GET THE
CONGRESSIONAL
MEDAL FOR THIS,
I'M SADLY MIS-
TAKEN!**

**IF RANG COULD TALK, I'M SURE
HE'D TELL YOU IT'S AN HONOR
JUST TO SERVE OUR COUNTRY.**



**RANG-A-
TANG AND
HY SPEED
FACE ONE
OF THEIR
MOST THRILL-
ING ADVENT-
URES IN
THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
BLUE
RIBBON
COMICS!**

CONTEST WINNERS

HELLO BOYS AND GIRLS:-

THE CONTEST IS OVER, AND THE WINNING LETTERS HAVE BEEN CHOSEN —

YOU GAVE US QUITE A JOB, BUT IT WAS THE KIND OF A TASK WE WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE AGAIN, AND MAYBE WILL. WE WISH IT WERE POSSIBLE TO GIVE OUR PERSONAL THANKS TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL WHO SENT IN A LETTER. EVERYONE OF THEM WAS SO WELL WRITTEN, AND SO SINCERE, THAT WE FELT WE HAD KNOWN YOU ALL FOR A LONG TIME. I GUESS WE HAVE AT THAT. RANG-A-TANG HAS BROUGHT US TOGETHER FOR A GOOD MANY MONTHS, AND WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO FOR A GOOD MANY YEARS TO COME.

IT'S A GRAND FEELING TO KNOW THAT RANG-A-TANG HAS BROUGHT US SO MANY NEW FRIENDS. — AND HERE ARE THE WINNERS —

FIRST PRIZE — \$ 5.00

DAVID SHERMAN — 3459 W. 12TH PLACE, CHICAGO, ILL.

NEXT TEN WINNERS — \$ 1.00 EACH

**JOSEPH GORMAN, JR. — 220 BERGEN ST. GLOUCESTER, N.J.
PAULINE SWIRSKY — 5800 ENSIGN AVE. CLEVELAND, OHIO
MARIE BECKEN — NORTHOME, MINNESOTA
HENRI MICHAND — DAWSON CREEK, B.C. CANADA
BEATRICE PAPARO — 1931-59TH ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.**

**BEVERLY HUTT — 80 WINTHROP ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.
BILL ANDERSON — 364 E. 21ST SOUTH, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
LEONARD LANDRETH — 3962 GALLIA ST. NEW BOSTON, OHIO
JAMES SUITERO — CORNWALL ON HUDSON, N.Y.
JOHN MANZI — 274 SUMMIT AVE. JERSEY CITY, N.J.**

PLEASE ACCEPT MY PERSONAL CONGRATULATIONS.

HY SPEED

WATCH FOR THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB-NEXT PAGE..

THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

MEMBERSHIP

HONOR LEGION

CARE AND TRAINING OF DOGS

EVERYONE loves a dog. That is because down deep inside, everyone is kind, and because everyone seeks companionship. The old adage "man's best friend is his dog" still holds true.

Do you own a dog? Whether you do or whether you don't, you are entitled to join the RANG-A-TANG CLUB and to become a prospect for charter membership in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION.

THE purpose of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB is to have fellowship among dog lovers and dog owners and to promote kindness towards animals. Also, the club wants to help you with any problem concerning your dog. The RANG-A-TANG CLUB'S veterinarian, DR. ALEXANDER SLAWSON will furnish to members of the CLUB *absolutely free by mail only*, information about the care and training of dogs.

The letter below from Leonard Lane of 387 E. 91st Street, Brooklyn, New York, is an example of the kind of letter that you can write to the RANG-A-TANG CLUB.

Dear Doctor Slawson:

My dog has been sick for a few days. He eats less than before and has lost his pep. He does not respond when I call him the way he used to. He feels very hot to the touch. Last night he vomited up his food. Please tell me how to feed him.

Sincerely yours,
LEONARD LANE.



How to Join THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

FILL in the coupon which contains the RANG-A-TANG OATH, and mail it to Hy Speed, together with 10c in coin, to cover handling.

Members of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB will receive an embossed membership card and a RANG-A-TANG button, as well as a *free* copy of Dr. Slawson's Booklet, "Highlights On The Health Of Your Dog and Cat", and the privilege of becoming a charter member in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION. Members will also be entitled to receive by mail only, the professional advice of DR. ALEXANDER SLAWSON, Veterinarian, absolutely free.

DO YOU have any questions on the care and training of your dog? If you do, membership in the RANG-A-TANG CLUB entitles you to ask your question, and have it answered by the CLUB'S licensed registered Doctor of Veterinary Medicine. Merely fill out the questionnaire printed below and enclose it with your letter, as well as a *stamped self-addressed envelope*. This is important because unless these instructions are followed, your question will not be answered. Address your letter to THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

HY SPEED
c o Blue Ribbon Comics
160 West Broadway, New York City

Dear Hy Speed:

Please enroll me as a member of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB. I enclose 10c in coin to cover cost of handling. It is understood that I am to receive my membership card and a RANG-A-TANG button.

Name Age.....
(PRINT CLEARLY)
Street Address
City and State.....

OATH

On my honor, I pledge myself to deal kindly with all animals, be they in distress or otherwise. To do a good deed whenever I can. In all places, at all times. I will keep this pledge constantly in my heart and in my mind.

I do so solemnly swear—

Sign name

QUESTIONNAIRE

Print Clearly

Name
Address
Breed of Dog.....
Sex of Dog.....
Approximate Weight
Condition of Coat (Hair).....
Eyes Nose
Bowel Functions
Other Remarks

Watch for the RANG-A-TANG Honor Legion in the July issue, No. 5, of Blue Ribbon Comics.

HERCULES



**MODERN
CHAMPION
OF
JUSTICE**

HERCULES SLAYS THE LION OF NEMEA!!

HERCULES, STRONGEST MAN IN ALL HISTORY, EARNED A PLACE ON MT. OLYMPUS BY WIPING OUT THE EVILS OF ANCIENT GREECE. NOW, ZEUS HAS ORDERED HIM BACK TO EARTH TO RID THE MODERN WORLD OF WARS, GANGSTERS, AND RACKETEERS !!

HERCULES SUDDENLY APPEARS IN THE CENTER OF A MODERN CITY! BEWILDERED FOR A MOMENT, HE STAGGERS INTO A BUSY STREET, AS A TRUCK SPEEDS TOWARD HIM.



WOW! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

HERCULES THINKS THAT THE TRUCK IS A MODERN DRAGON AND ATTACKS IT!!



WADDAYA THINK YOU'RE DOIN'?

IT'S A PUBLICITY STUNT!!



WHO ARE YOU, LITTLE MAN?

I'LL SHOW YOU WHO I AM, WISE GUY !!

WITH ONE HAND, HE SWINGS THE COP ALOFT!

OUT OF THE CROWD STEPS A SHREWD PROMOTER OF VAUDEVILLE ACTS.



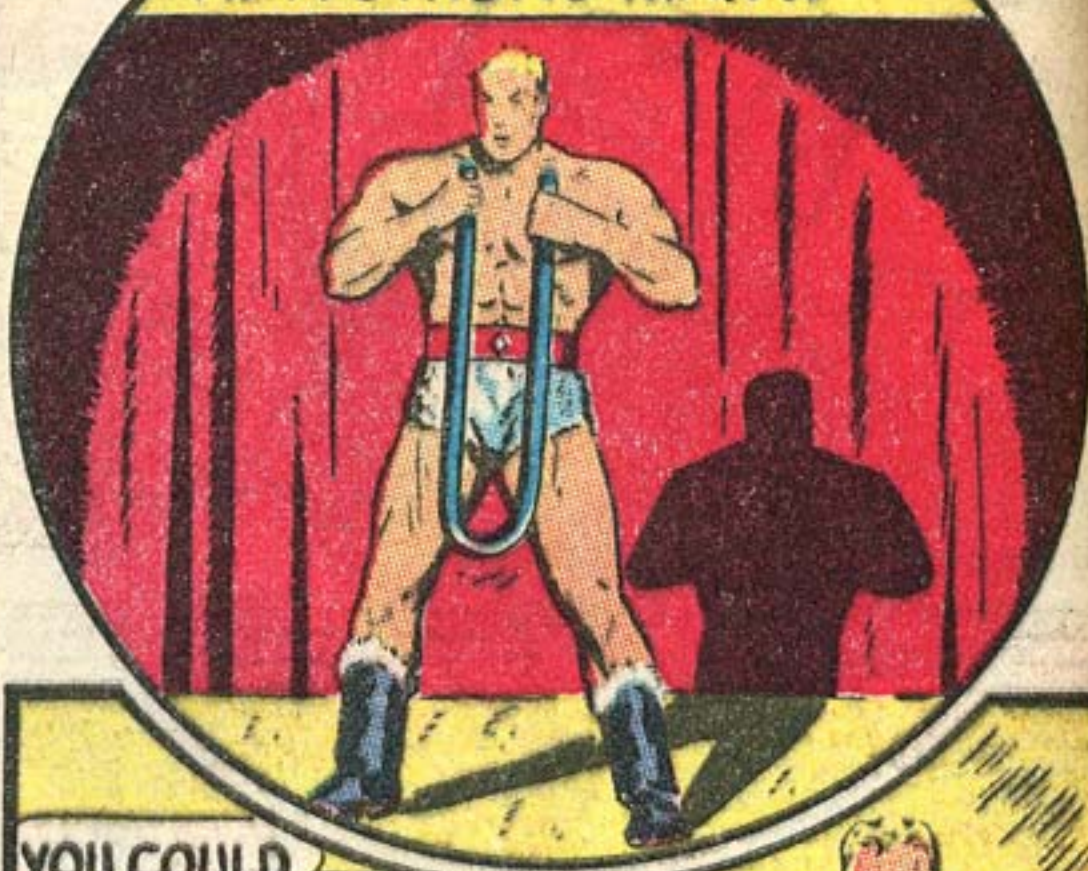
BETTER SET HIM DOWN, BIG BOY! YOU'RE IN FOR TROUBLE BUT MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU OUT!

HERCULES IS TAKEN TO COURT.

HE'S A STRANGER HERE, YOUR HONOR. IF YOU LET HIM GO, I'LL GIVE HIM A JOB, AND KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE!



HERCULES GOES ON THE STAGE AS A STRONG MAN !!



I WANT THAT GUY IN MY MOB. GET HIM! HE CAN RUB OUT MY ENEMIES A LOT QUIETER THAN GUNS !!



IN THE AUDIENCE:
LEO NYMIA-LION
OF THE
UNDERWORLD!

YOU COULD KILL A GUY PRETTY EASY, COULDN'T YOU?



I USE MY STRENGTH ONLY TO DO GOOD !!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO USE IT FOR! I WANT YOU TO WIPE OUT A BUNCH OF KILLERS.

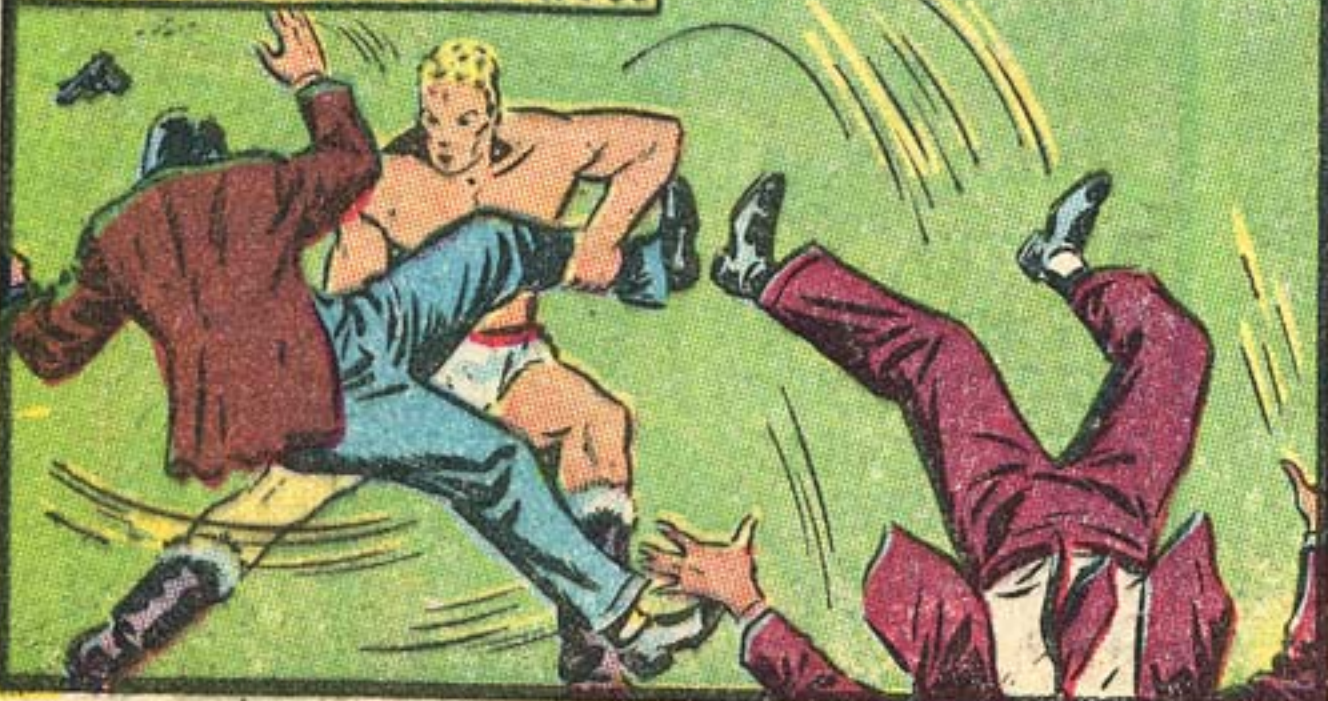


BEAT IT, BOSS. THE SCABRONI MOB IS COMIN'!!

THIS IS THE MOB I MEAN, DO YOUR STUFF!

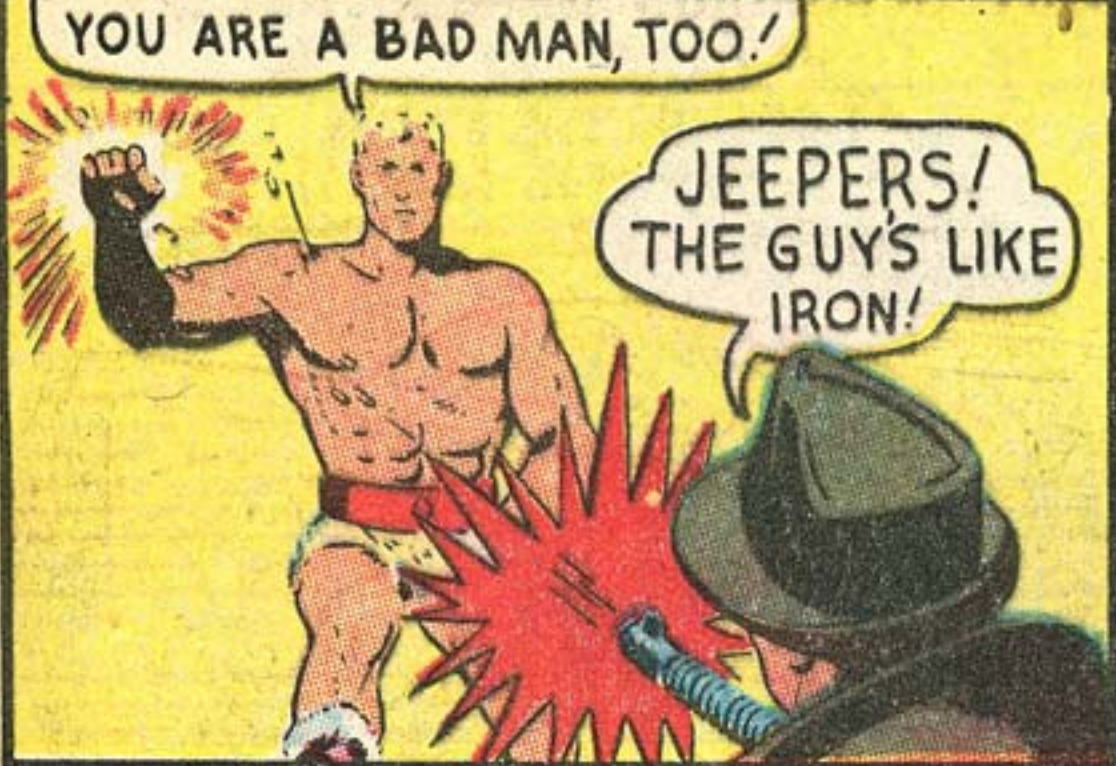


HERCULES WADES IN !!



HERCULES IS CONFRONTED BY A MACHINE GUNNER.





YOU ARE A BAD MAN, TOO!

JEEPERS!
THE GUY'S LIKE
IRON!



HE HURLS THE
BULLETS BACK
WITH A SPEED
EQUAL TO A GUN
!!!



I WON'T KILL
YOU-ONLY
TEACH YOU
A LESSON!



SCABRONI COMES IN HIMSELF, THINKING THE FIGHT
IS ALL OVER !!



HERCULES FLINGS THE GANG BOSS'
HENCHMAN BACK INTO HIS FACE.



NICE WORK,
HERCULES!

YEAH, YUH
CERTAINLY
SAVED OUR
NECKS !!



WE'LL BUMP OFF THIS GUY
RIGHT NOW!

NO! MAN IN BLUE
UNIFORM TAKE
CARE OF HIM!

HERCULES SAVES SCABRONI'S LIFE

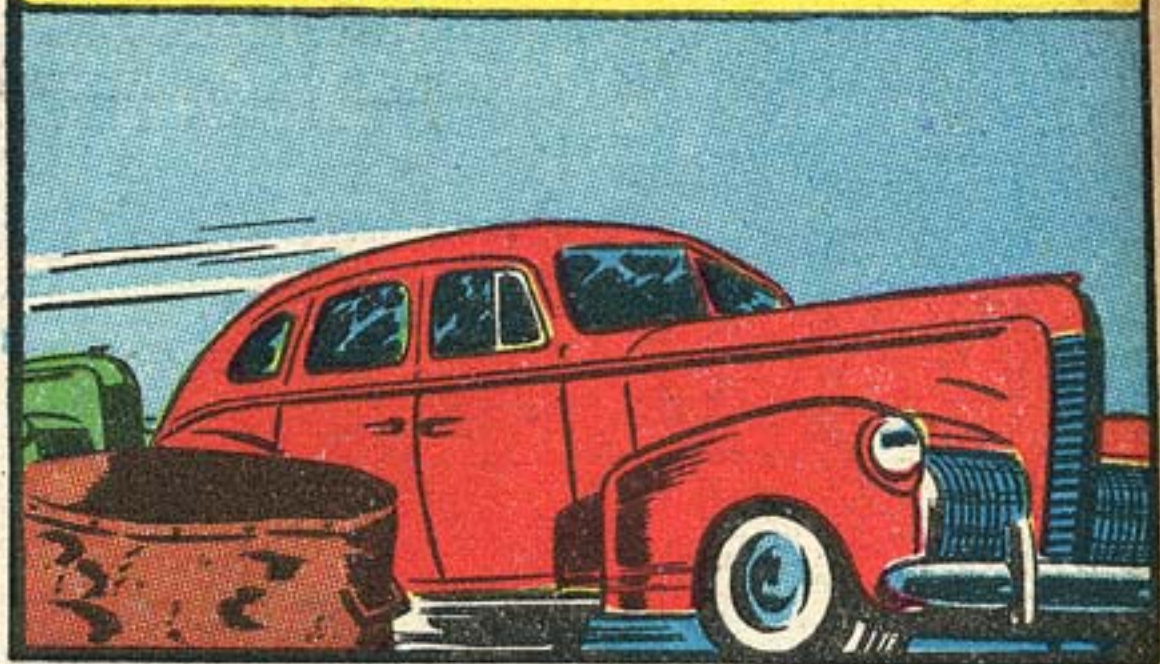


OKAY, LET THE COPS TAKE
CARE OF 'EM, IF YA WANT
'EM TO, BUT WE'D
BETTER GET OUT OF
HERE !!

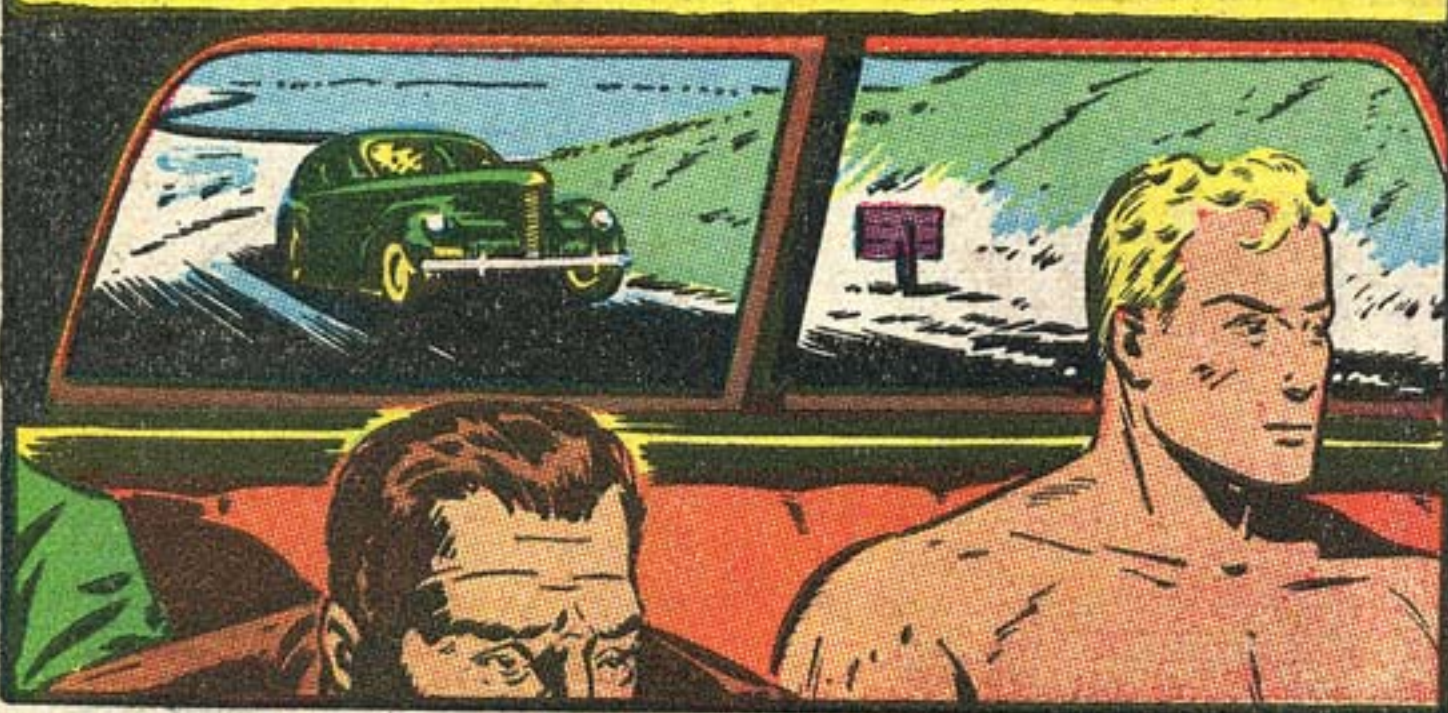
HERCULES FLEES WITH THE LION OF THE UNDERWORLD!!



BUT SCABRONI'S GANG PICKS UP THE TRAIL!



**UNABLE TO ELUDE THEIR PURSUERS
HERCULES FORMULATES A PLAN....**



**DRIVER,
SLOW UP SO THE
CAR CATCHES US. YOU,
LION, OPEN THE DOOR ON
THAT SIDE!**



**THERE! THEY WILL
BOTHER US NO MORE!!**



**HERCULES WIPES OUT THE
REST OF SCABRONI'S GANG!**



**HERCULES IS EVERYTHING I TOLD YOU
HE WAS, ISN'T HE, LEO? GIVE ME \$5,000
FOR HIM, AND I'LL DROP
OUT OF THE PICTURE!**

**FIVE GRAND! YOU
MUST BE
NUTS!!**



**THIS GUY'S CRACKED, HERC'.
GET RID OF HIM!**

**GET RID OF
HIM! WHY!
HE IS MY FRIEND!**





IF YOU WON'T TAKE CARE OF HIM I, WILL!



I SAY HE IS MY FRIEND !!



OKAY! OKAY! MEBBE YOU'RE RIGHT!

I THINK, PERHAPS, YOU ARE NOT ON THE SIDE OF RIGHT!



FERGIT IT HERC! MAYBE I WAS JUST HASTY AFTER ALL! TURN IN HERE, MIKE! WE'LL GO TO OUR DEN!

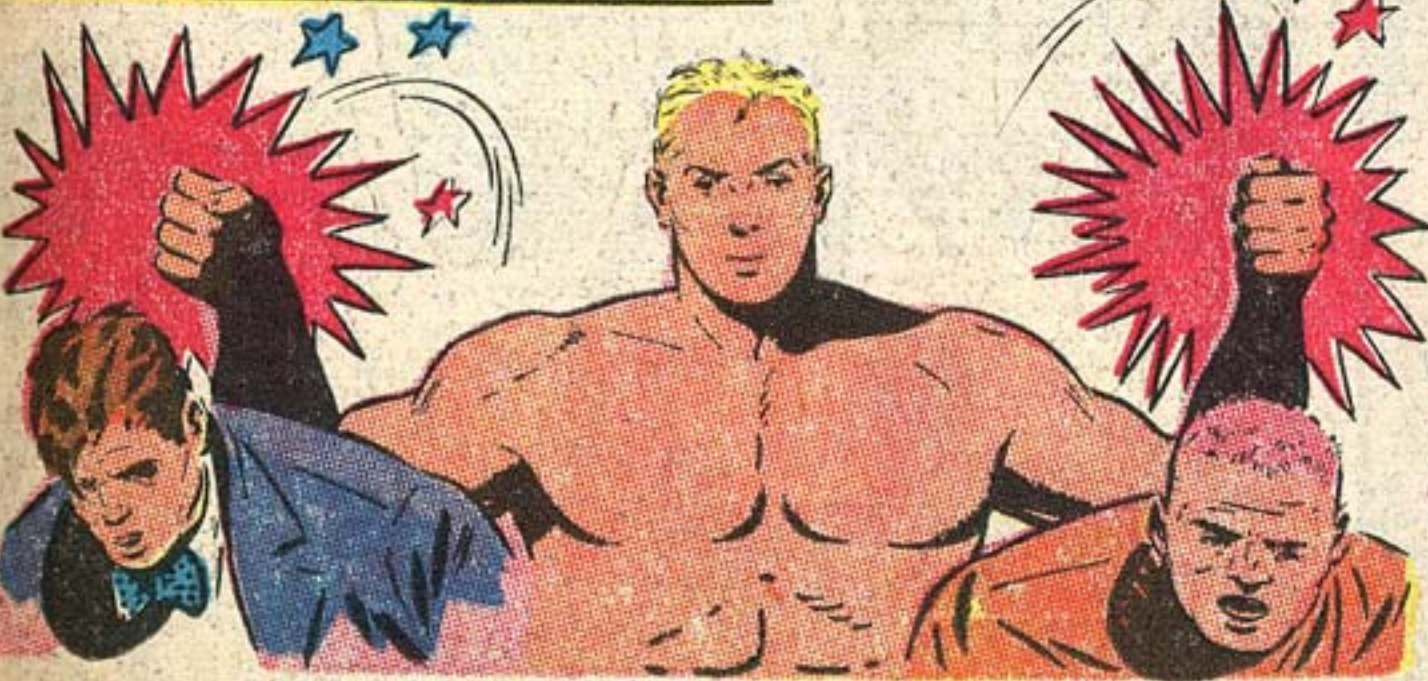
IN THE DEN OF THE LION OF THE UNDERWORLD.

BOYS, THIS HERCULES, OUR NEW STRONG ARM MAN. - AND THIS GUY WITH THE DERBY IS HIS AGENT. GET RID OF HIM!



TWO THUGS SEIZE THE AGENT!

HERCULES DEFIES THE LION!



I'M BOSS HERE. WHAT I SAY GOES !!

HE SAVED ME SO HE MUST BE ON THE SIDE OF THE GOOD!

HERCULES SEES HIS FRIEND KILLED !!



THE LION OF THE UNDERWORLD BETRAYS HERCULES, HE SHOTS THE AGENT IN COLD BLOOD!



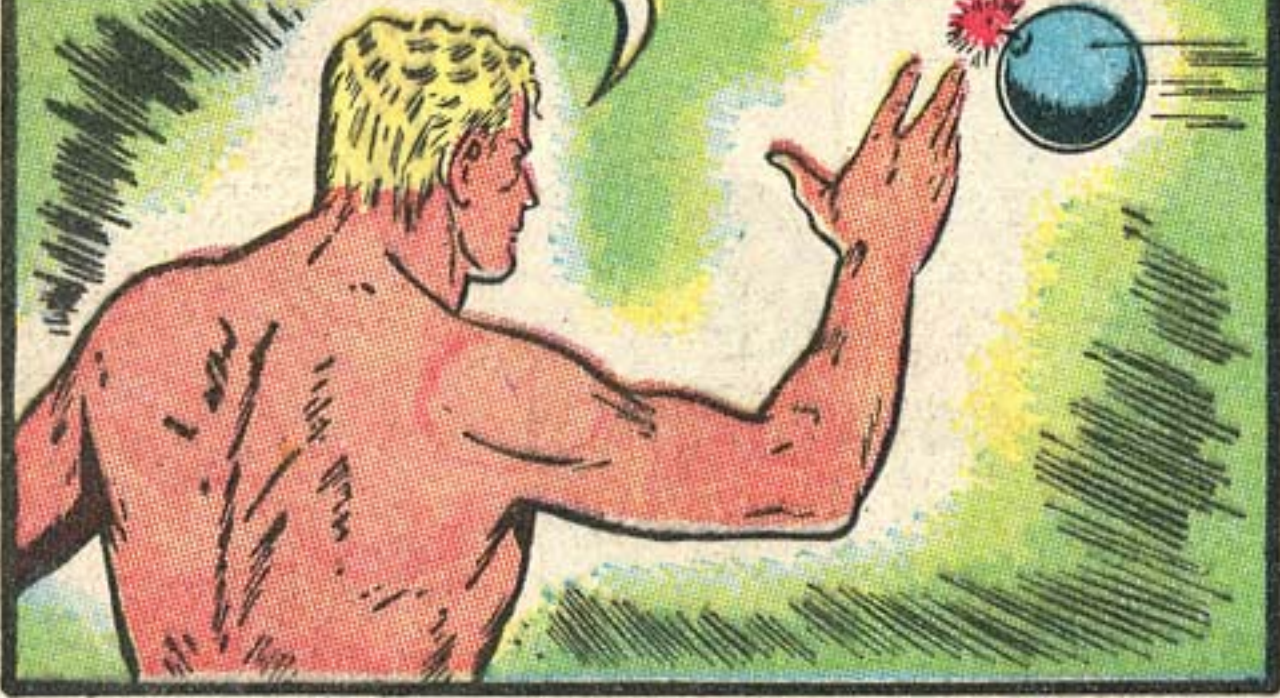
HERCULES SIEZES THE KILLER AND DASHES HIM TO THE GROUND

THESE ARE DANGEROUS I SHOULD DESTROY THEM

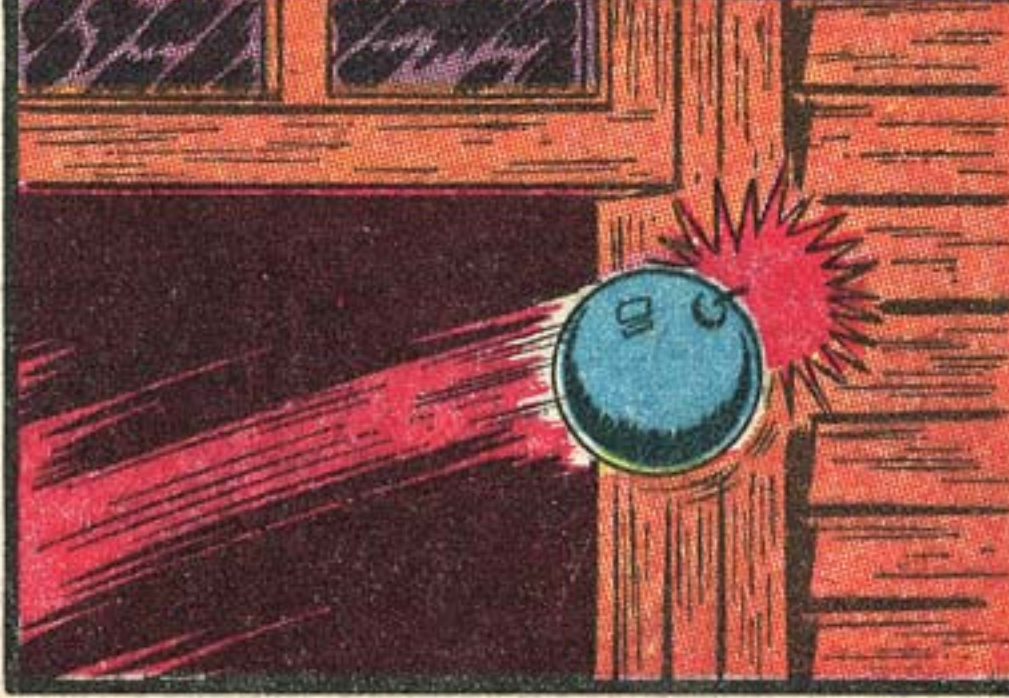


HERE'S A PRESENT YOU WON'T TEAR APART, YA BIG LUG!

THIS BURNING STRING LOOKS DANGEROUS!



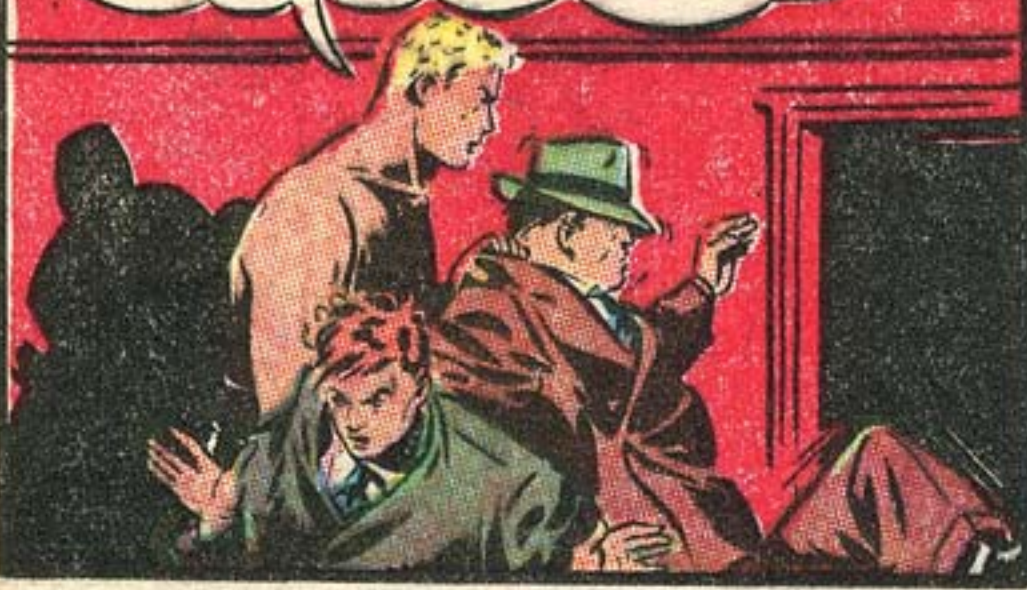
HE THROWS THE BOMB AWAY IN TIME!



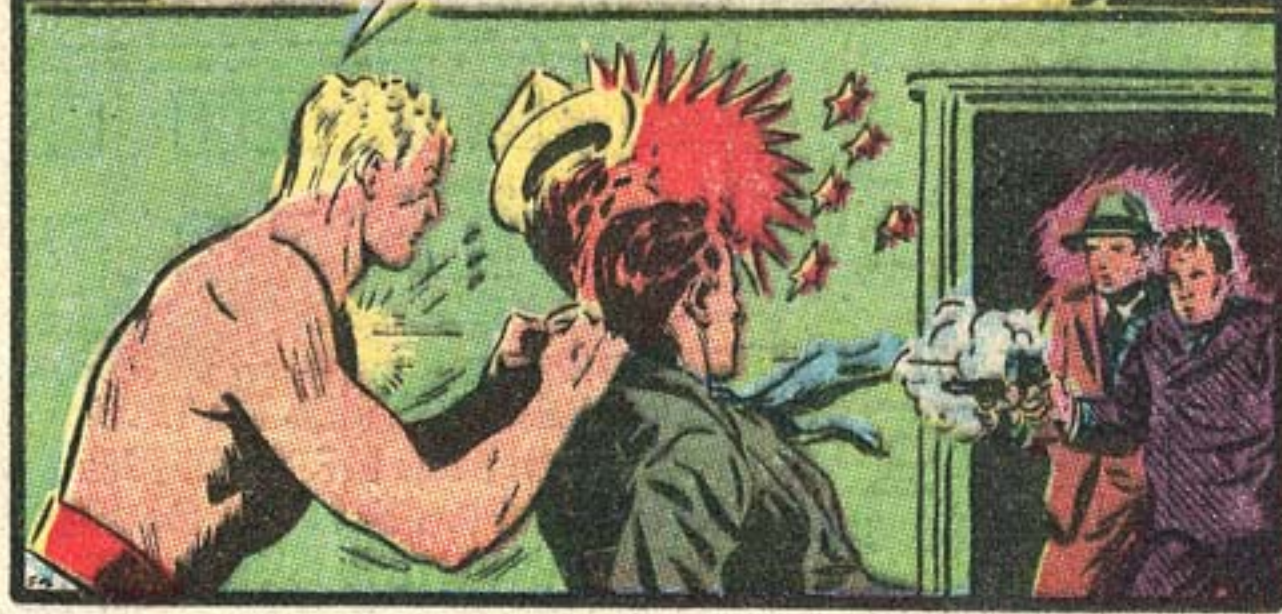
THE ODDS AGAINST HERCULES ARE OVERWHELMING



YOU ARE JUST AS BAD AS THOSE OTHER MEN, YOUR ENEMIES WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU !!

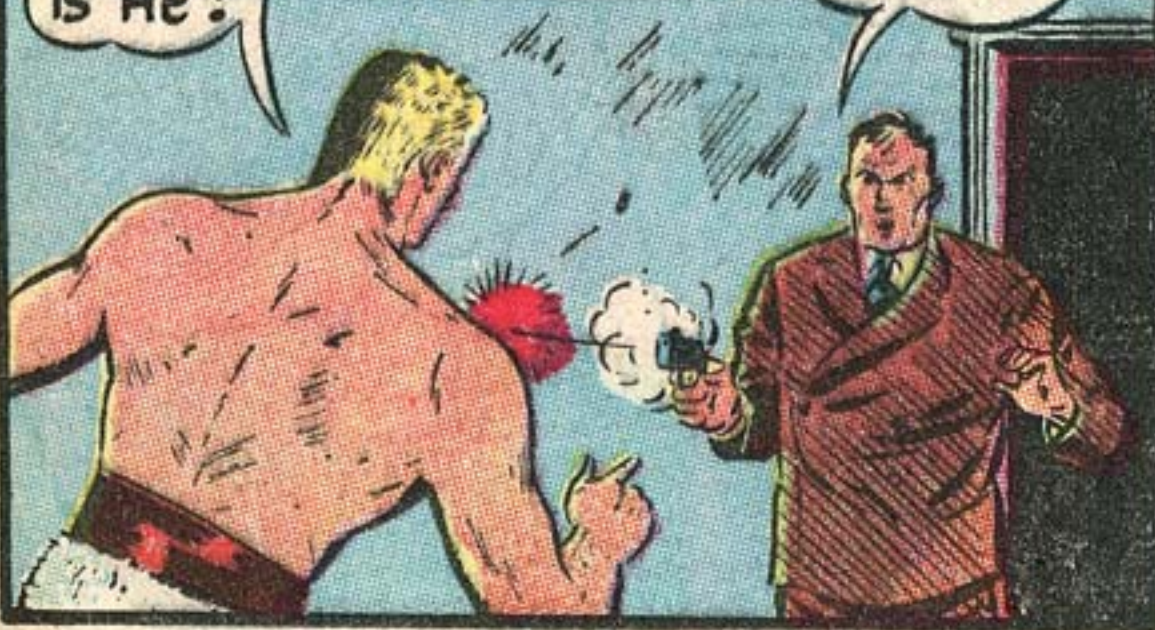


YOUR MODERN WEAPONS ARE TOYS TO ME ! THEY DO NOT HURT ME !!



I WANT THE ONE THEY CALL THE LION. WHERE IS HE ?

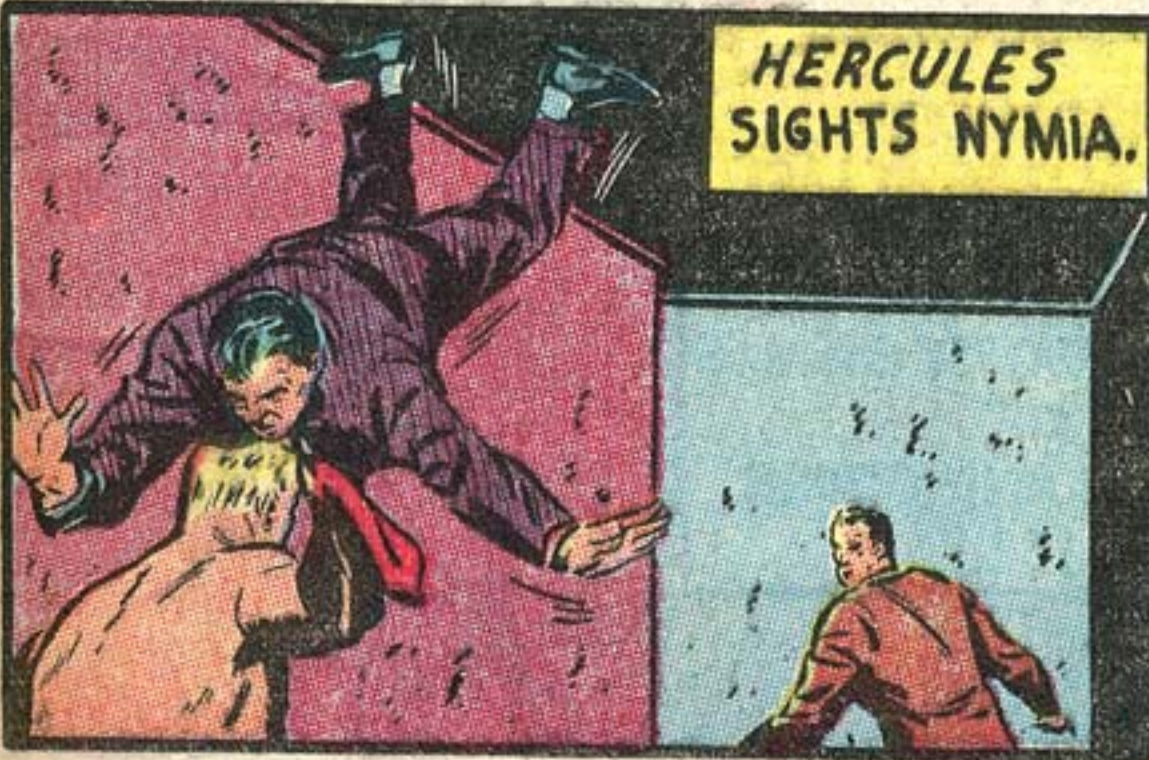
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW !



YOU SHALL SHOW ME WHERE HE IS !!



HERCULES SIGHTS NYMIA.



MISSED YOU THAT TIME BUT I'LL GET YOU !!



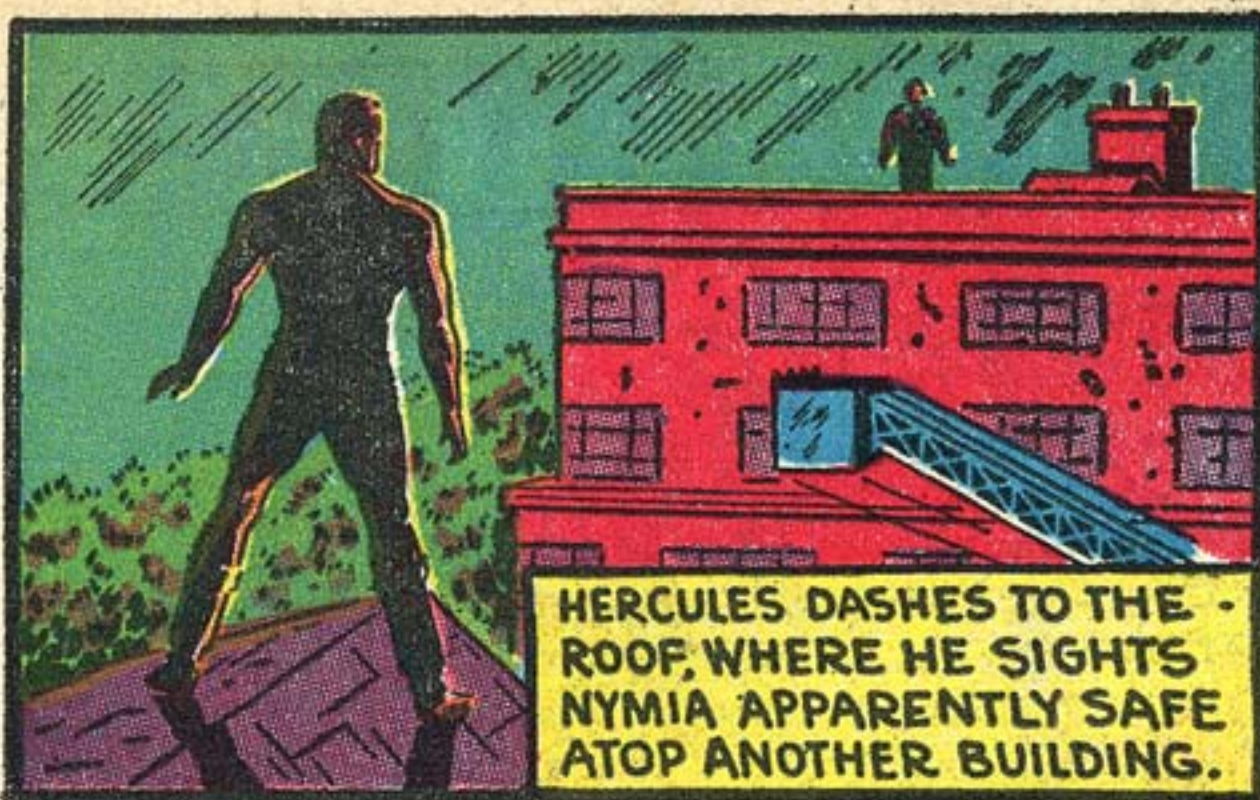
YOU STAY HERE A FEW MINUTES !



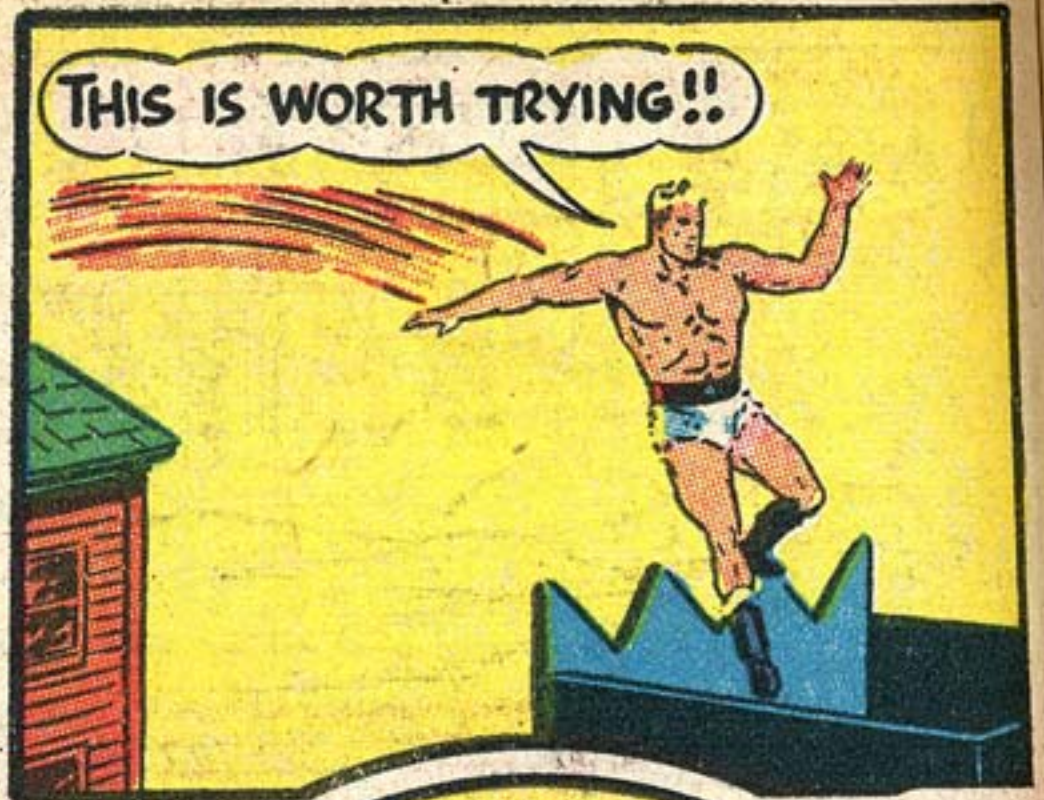
NYMIA SWIFTLY MAKES HIS WAY TO THE ROOF.

DROP ME ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS EXCAVATION, AND GET RID OF ANYONE WHO FOLLOWS ME.





HERCULES DASHES TO THE ROOF, WHERE HE SIGHTS NYMIA APPARENTLY SAFE ATOP ANOTHER BUILDING.



THIS IS WORTH TRYING!!



YOU'LL NEVER GET OVER WITHOUT MY HELP!



THE STEAM SHOVEL IS LIKE AN APPLE TREE SWING TO HERCULES !!

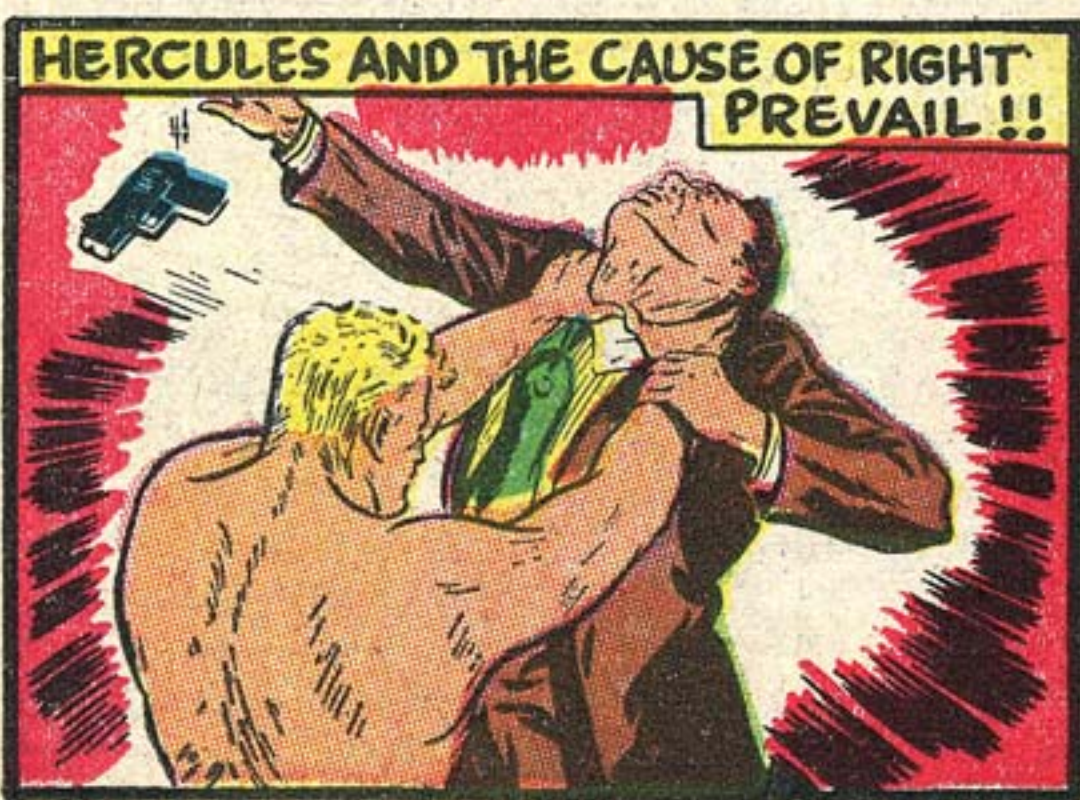


ENEMIES STAND FACE TO FACE



HERCULES REALIZES AT LAST THAT THE LION IS ONE OF THE WORST ENEMIES OF LAW AND ORDER !!!!

DON'T HURT ME HERCULES



HERCULES AND THE CAUSE OF RIGHT PREVAIL !!



AFTER SLAYING THE LION OF NEMEA, I WORE HIS PELT AS A GARMENT. NOW, IN THIS MODERN WORLD, I SHALL WEAR THE CLOTHING OF THE LION OF THE UNDER-WORLD!

FOLLOW THE MODERN ADVENTURES OF HERCULES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS

GYPSY JOHNSON

ADVENTURER

GYPSY JOHNSON, TEXAN SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, IS ON A SPECIAL MISSION WITH THE FOREIGN LEGION TO NAB A NATIVE BANDIT CHIEFTAIN NAMED SHEIK TAMAH. HIS UNIT MARCHES TO RELIEVE FORT LE BOUFF WHICH IS BEING ATTACKED!

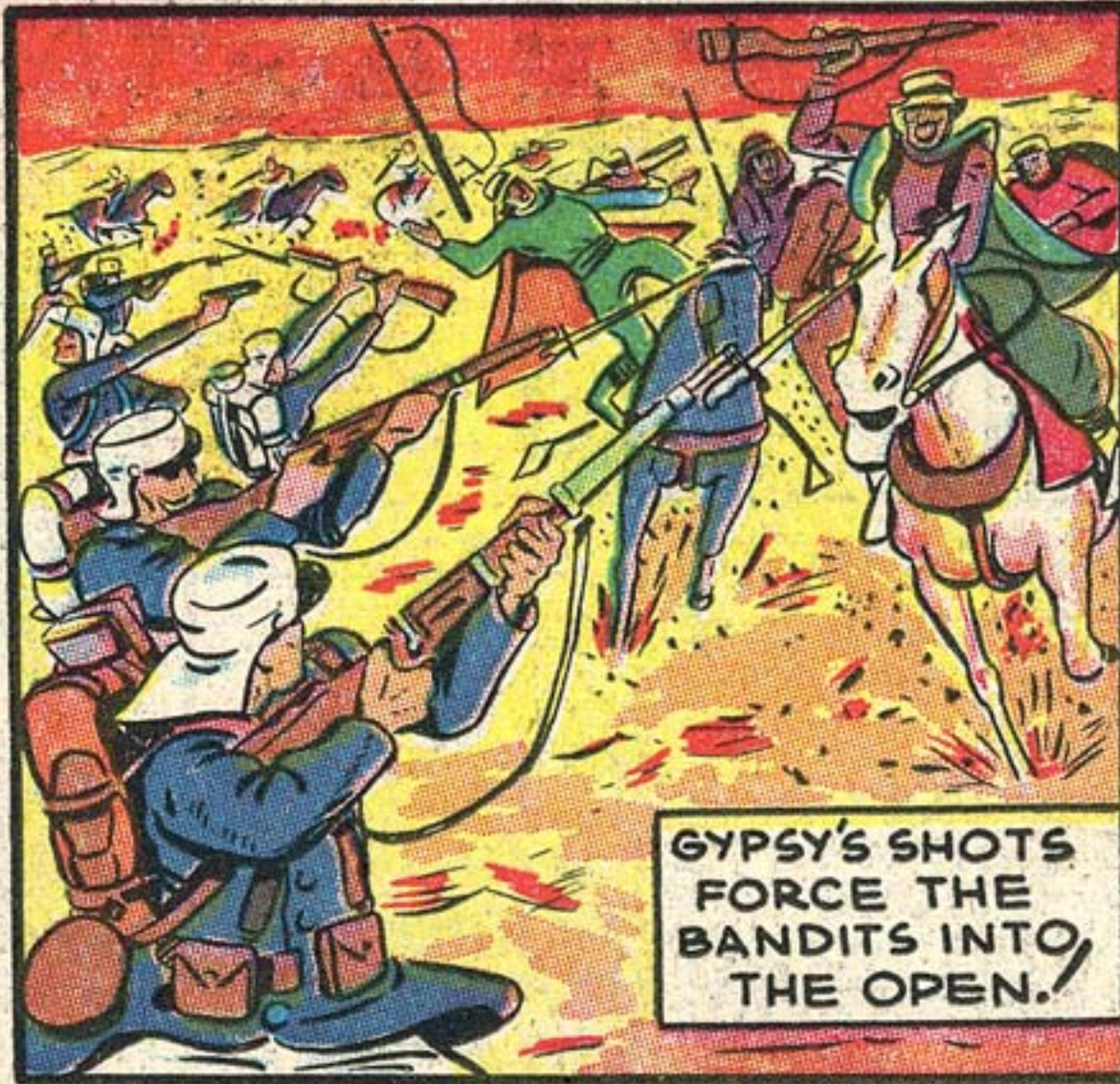


BY JOHN BULTHUIS

THE SECOND DAY ON THE MARCH, GYPSY SPOTS A SPYING ARAB.



LEGIONNAIRES TO ARMS! ARABS!



GYPSY'S SHOTS FORCE THE BANDITS INTO THE OPEN!



QUITE A PARTY, EH LADS!

HOORAY! VIVE LE LEGION!

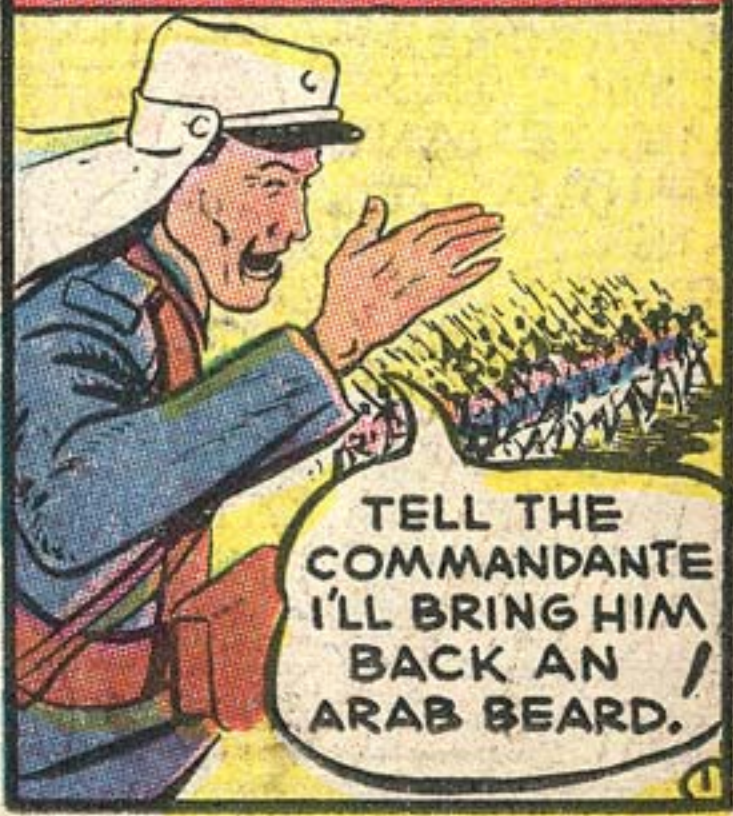


BY THE SIGN OF ALLAH I'LL FIX THOSE INFIDELS!



THE LEADER OF THE BANDIT FORCE, SHEIK TAMAH, HIMSELF, SWEARS REVENGE FOR HIS DEFEAT!

ARRIVING AT FORT LE BOUFF, JOHNSON GOES ON SENTRY DUTY AS THE RELIEVED COMPANY MARCHES OFF!



TELL THE COMMANDANTE I'LL BRING HIM BACK AN ARAB BEARD!

THAT NIGHT

WOW



THE LONE BULLET IS FOLLOWED BY A FIERCE ATTACK.



TA RAT-TAT TAT-TAT TAT-TA-TA!



THE ARABS STORM THE FORT.

OVER THE TOP COME THE ARABS, TO BE MET BY THE BATTLING LEGIONAIRES.



HAPPY LANDINGS!



THE FIGHTING IS TOO FIERCE, THE ARABS RETREAT.

A LULL AFTER ALL NIGHT FIGHTING.



SAVE YOUR WATER M'SIEUR, WE ARE IN FOR A LONG SIEGE!

FORGET IT, DRINK UP PAL.



SEE IF THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR HAS CONTACTED HEAD-QUARTERS, YET—REPORT BACK TO ME!

YES SIR!



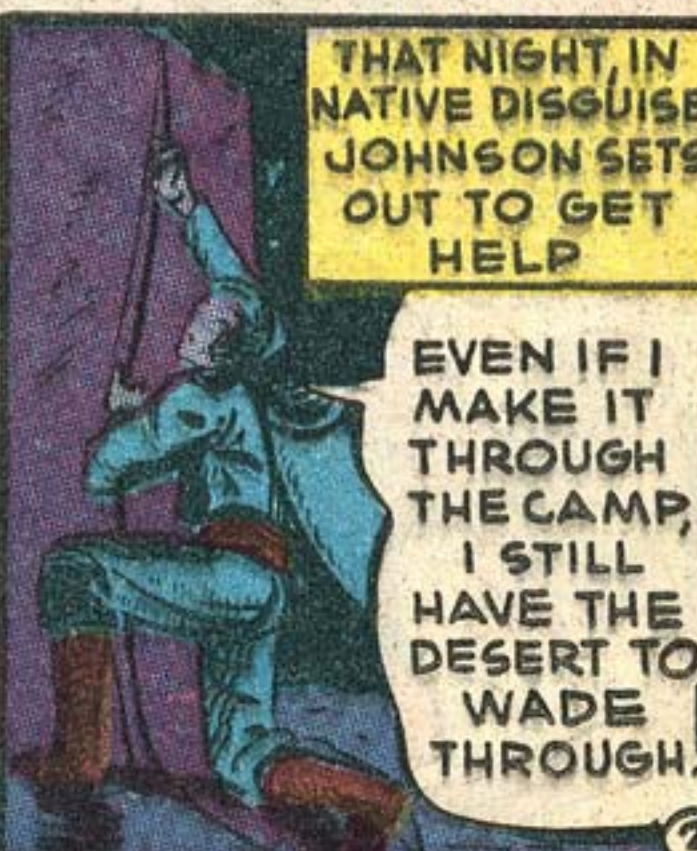
YEP! THE AERIAL IS WRECKED—TELL THE LIEUTENANT I CAN'T GET A THING!

OK, SPARKS!



H'MMM, WE CAN ONLY HOLD OUT FOR 24 HOURS. I MUST GET A MESSAGE TO HEADQUARTERS!

LET ME TRY TO GET THROUGH, SIR.



THAT NIGHT IN NATIVE DISGUISE, JOHNSON SETS OUT TO GET HELP

EVEN IF I MAKE IT THROUGH THE CAMP, I STILL HAVE THE DESERT TO WADE THROUGH!



THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ENEMY CAMP JOHNSON IS FORCED TO CREEP.



DOGGONE!

JOHNSON STUMBLES OVER A TENT ROPE!



TAKE THE INFIDEL TO OUR SHEIK!



EVEN IN SHEIK, WHAT'S NEW?

SILENCE. PREPARE HIM FOR TORTURE MEN.



JOHNSON IS STRUNG UP BY THE WRISTS, READY FOR CRUEL, ORIENTAL TORTURE, BUT SUDDENLY!

JOHNSON'S POWERFUL SCISSOR-HOLD THROTTLES THE LONE ARAB, WHO WAS TYING HIS FEET!



THE OLD SQUEEZE PLAY!

UGGH

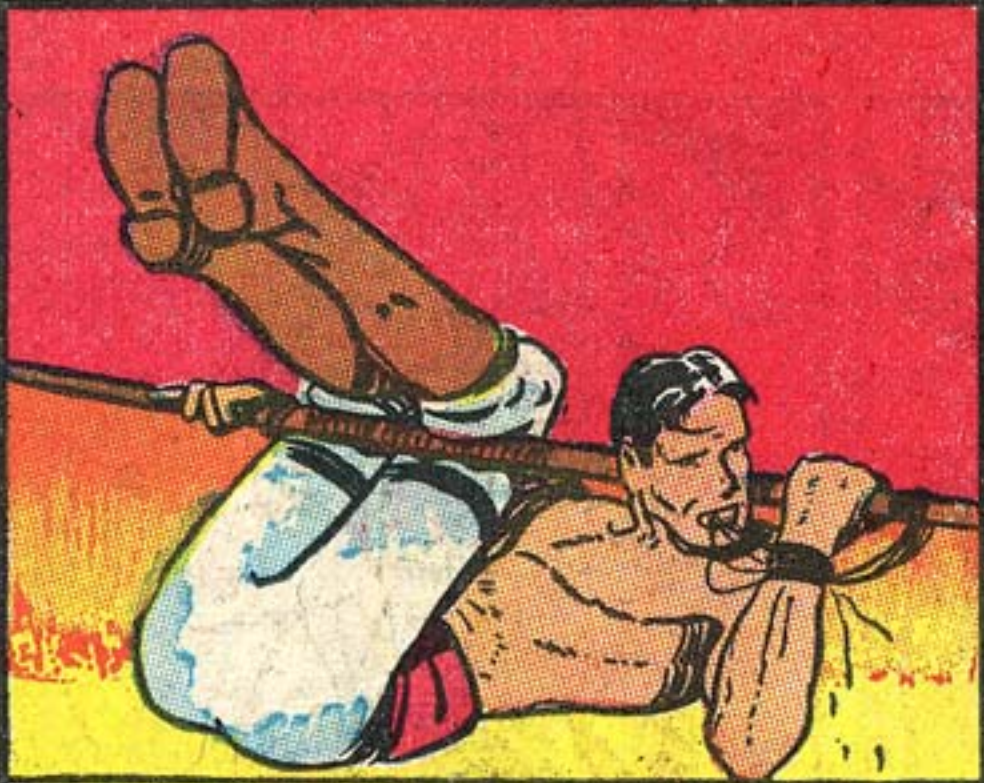
HALF STRANGLED, THE ARAB DROPS, UNCONSCIOUS



NOW TO GET FREE!



IF I CAN GET AT THOSE KNOTS WITH MY TEETH.



STRONG, WELL KEPT, TEETH COME IN HANDY.



GOT TO GET TO ONE OF THOSE FLEET ARABIAN PONIES.

JOHNSON MAKES A GETAWAY

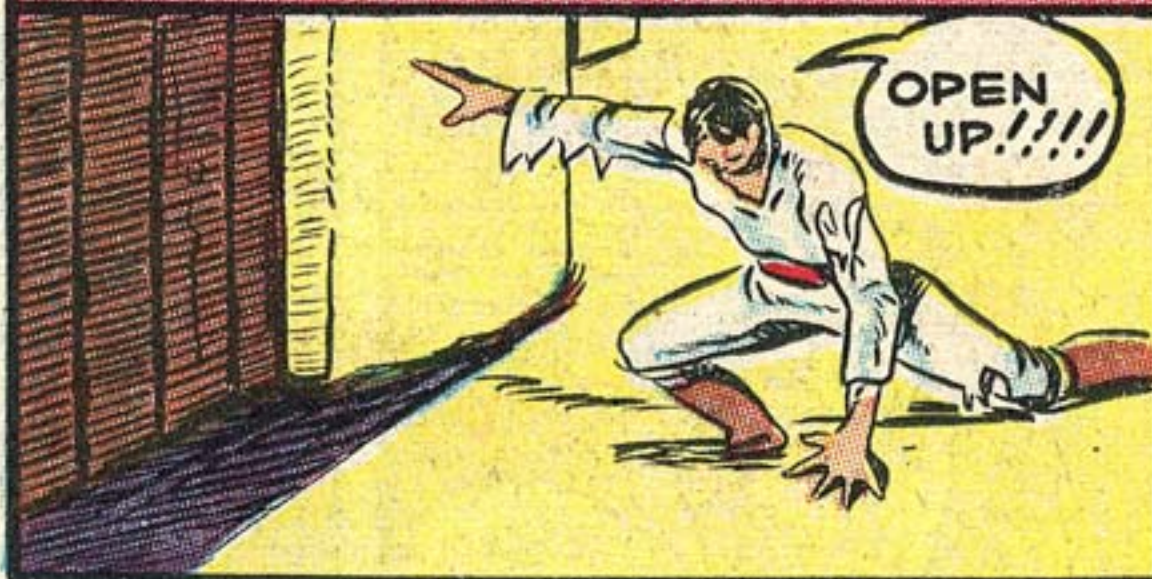


NO USE CHASING HIM. THE LEGIONNAIRE FOOL WILL PERISH OF HEAT AND THIRST ON THE DESERT.



TOO BAD THAT HORSE COULDN'T MAKE IT. AND I'VE GOT NO WATER. AM I IN A SPOT.

AFTER A FRIGHTFUL 48 HOUR TREK, JOHNSON STRUGGLES INTO THE GARRISON AT CORDOVO!



OPEN UP!!!!

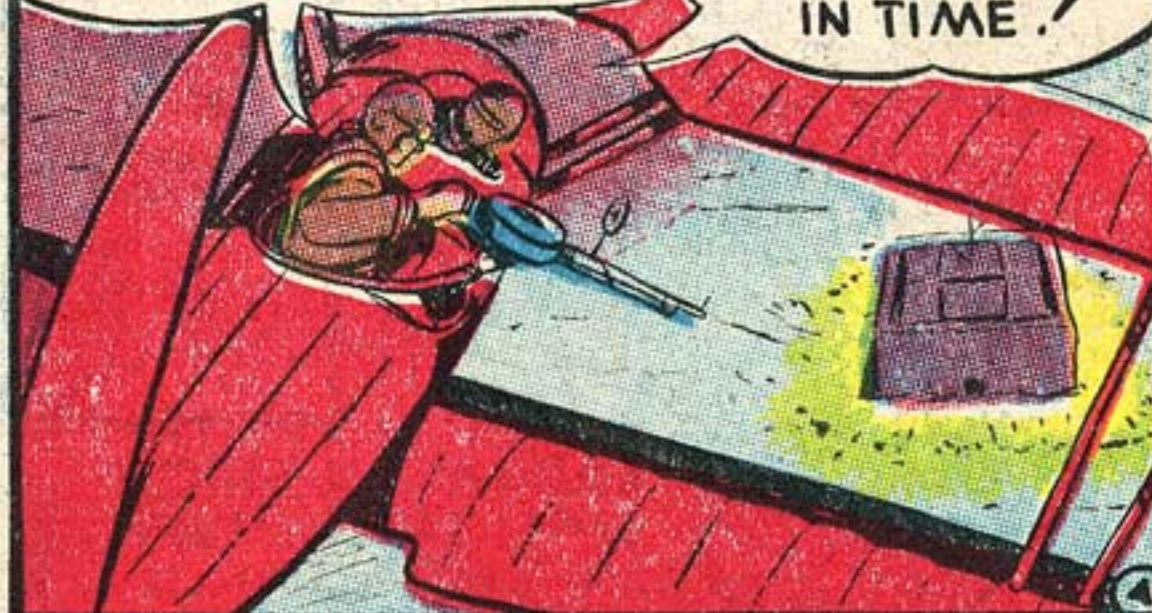
JOHNSON TELLS HIS STORY TO THE COMMANDANTE



THE FORT CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

I'LL SEND PLANES AT ONCE. I'VE BEEN WANTING THAT DESERT DOG, TAMAH, FOR A LONG TIME!

THIS CHATTER GUN WILL SEND THEM SCOOTING!



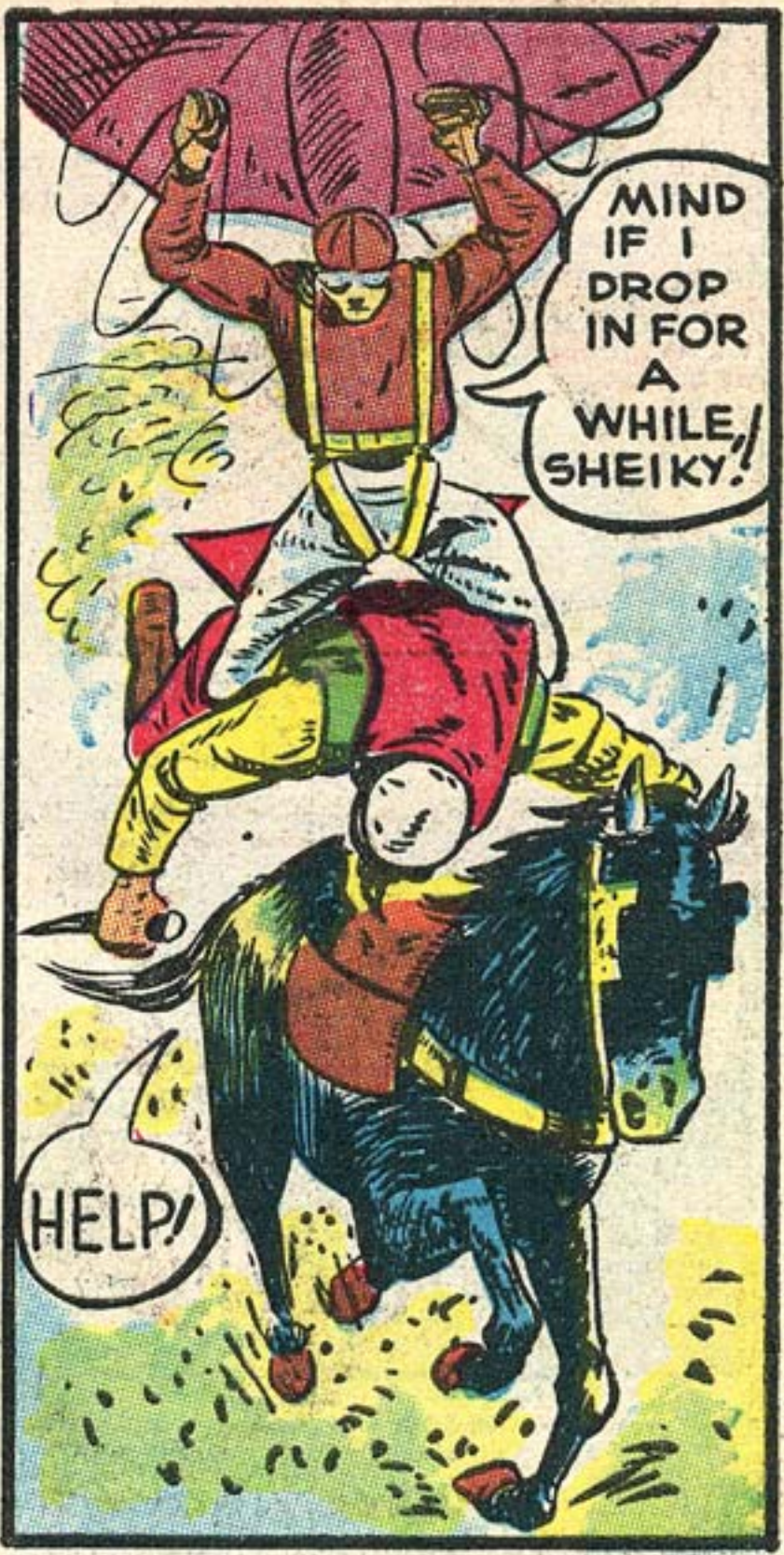
LOOKS LIKE WE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME!



NOW TO MAKE A PERSONAL CALL ON THE SHEIK!



HERE GOES!



MIND IF I DROP IN FOR A WHILE, SHEIKY!

HELP!

THIS IS FOR ALL THE LEGIONNAIRES YOU'VE KILLED, SHEIKY!



THE FORT IS SAVED, AND JOHNSON, ALONE, CAPTURES THE BANDIT LEADER, SHEIK TAMAH.



WITH MY COMPLIMENTS SIR!

SHEIK TAMAH! M'SIEUR GYPSY JOHNSON YOU ARE A ONE MAN ARMEE!

ONCE MORE PEACE REIGNS OVER FORT LE BOUFF.



WELL I GUESS THAT ENDS MY MISSION WITH THE LEGION, AND NOW, ON TO NEW ADVENTURES!

MORE THRILLS WITH RIP-ROARING GYPSY JOHNSON, ADVENTURER, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS-

THE FOX

HOWDY, MISS - THE NIGHT RIDERS EH? MMM...

PATTON, THIS IS RUTH RANSOM, OUR ACE REPORTER - YOU AND SHE WILL COVER THE DOINGS OF THE NIGHT RIDERS!

HELLO!

BY JOE BLAIR AND IRWIN HASEN

PAUL DATTON, FORMER ALL-AROUND ATHLETE AT PENN STATE, HAS JOINED THE STAFF OF THE DAILY GLOBE - DUE TO HIS INTEREST IN PHOTOGRAPHY, HE EARNS A JOB AS A STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER.

HASEN

THESE MEN HAVE TERRORIZED THE COUNTRYSIDE BY WHIPPING-FOLKS TO DEATH! TAKE THE NEXT TRAIN TO FLEETSVILLE, AND GET GOOD SHOTS OF 'EM BUT ABOVE ALL LOOK OUT FOR RUTH - GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK!

WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, MR. ALL-AMERICA!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER AS THEY NEAR THEIR DESTINATION IN THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS.

HERE WE ARE, FIVE-STAR-FINAL!

YUP - HERE WE ARE!

KIN AH TAKE YO' BAGS, SUH?

YE'LL EACH HAF TO GO TO THE HOTEL SEPARATE, THIS-A-WAY, MISTER!

I DON'T LIKE THIS!

DON'T CRY, ALL-STAR! MOMMA WILL MEET YOU AT THE HOTEL!

THE TRAIN PULLS INTO FLEETSVILLE...



SAY, YOU GUYS PASSED THE HOTEL

WELL, MY WORD! SO WE DID- AND DID YA GET A PITCHER OF IT? HAW!

PAUL IS SPED THROUGH TOWN...



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

WE DON'T WANNA WEIGH YA DOWN!

ON A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD.....



OKAY, COLLITCH BOY, START RUNNIN'

YEAH, GIT GOIN', BUSTER!



JUST WATCH ME GIT GOIN'!

GRAB 'IM!



STUBBORN CUSS, AIN'T HE!

YEAH, BUT I BEANED HIM WITH A ROCK!

PAUL IS OVERPOWERED BY THE NIGHT RIDERS!



TOUGH GUYEH? THIS'LL LARN YA!

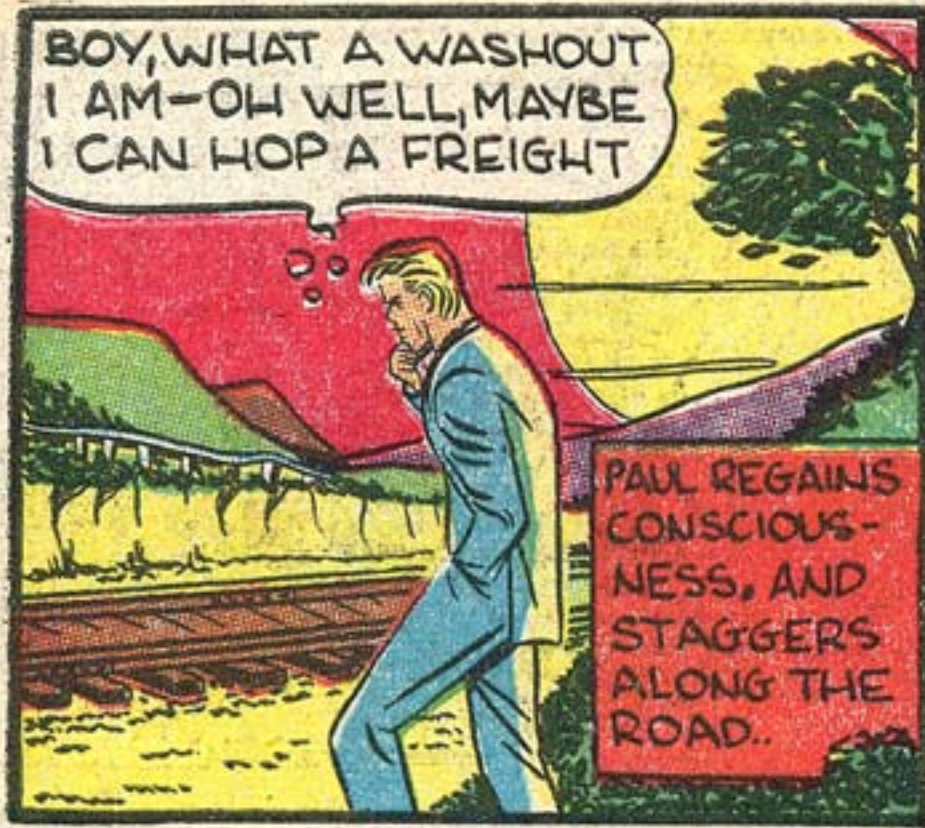
BARELY CONSCIOUS PAUL IS WHIPPED BY THE HOODLUMS.



THEM CITY NOOSEPAPER BOYS CAN TAKE A LESSON FROM THIS!

C'MON, LET'S GET TO THE HIDE-AWAY!

THE RIDERS LEAVE PAUL UNCONSCIOUS AND BLEEDING.....



BOY, WHAT A WASHOUT I AM—OH WELL, MAYBE I CAN HOP A FREIGHT

PAUL REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, AND STAGGERS ALONG THE ROAD..



LATER, GAINING STRENGTH, HE PULLS HIMSELF ABOARD A NEW YORK-BOUND FAST FREIGHT...



THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY GLOBE.

SO! THE COLLEGE BOYS BEEN OUT ON A PARTY!

EDITOR



I GAVE YOU ORDERS TO GET PICTURES, BUT ABOVE ALL TO TAKE CARE OF RUTH! NOW YOU COME RUNNING BACK LIKE A WHIPPED PUP!



BUT, I THOUGHT— THINK THIS OVER—FROM NOW ON YOU'RE OUR INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER—NOW GET OUT!

PAUL GETS THE MOST LOATHSOME JOB ON THE PAPER!



YAH YAH-YAH SAID THE LITTLE FOX!

I GUESS THAT'S MY TROUBLE—I'M NOT FOXY ENOUGH!

THAT EVENING IN HIS APARTMENT, PAUL LISTENS TO A DANCE BAND.....



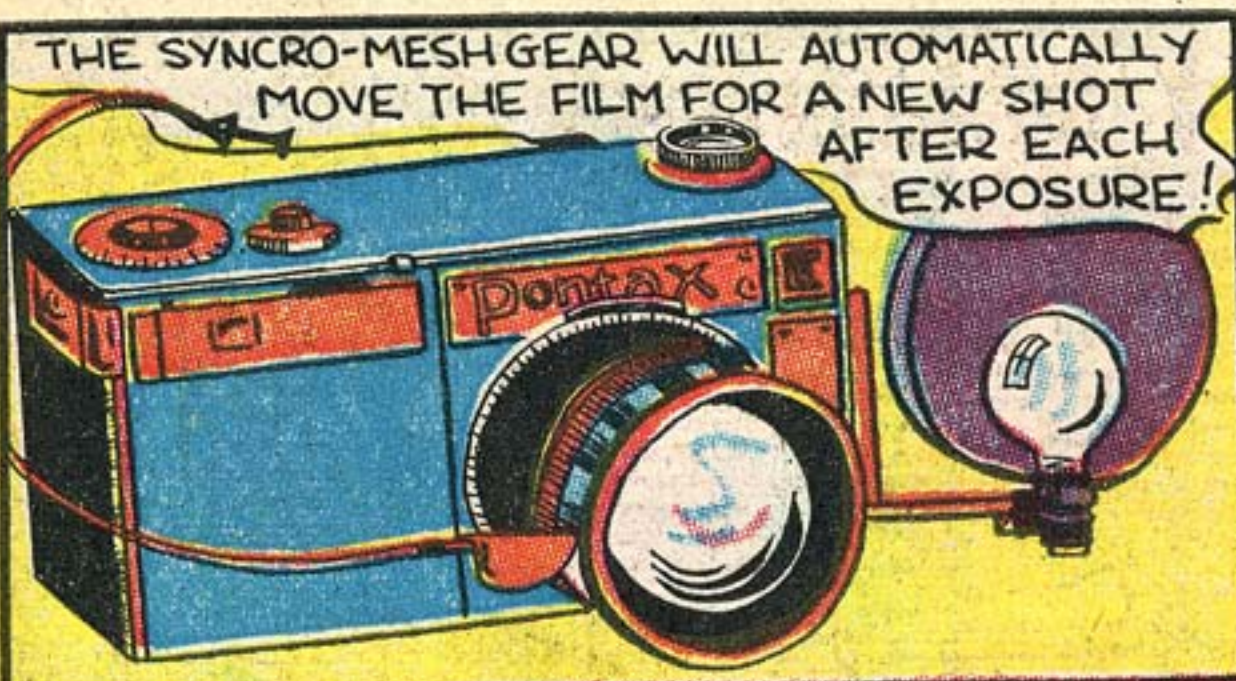
THATS IT! WHY DIDNT I THINK OF IT BEFORE!

YAH YAH YAH SAID THE LITTLE FOX YA YAH CAN'T CATCH ME!



PAUL GOES TO WORK ON HIS IDEA.

A SYNCRO-FLASH AUTOMATIC CAMERA!



THE SYNCRO-MESH GEAR WILL AUTOMATICALLY MOVE THE FILM FOR A NEW SHOT AFTER EACH EXPOSURE!

PAUL USES HIS TECHNICAL SKILL TO DEVELOP A SYNCRO-FLASH AUTOMATIC CAMERA!



-AND THE LENS AND FLASH BULB WILL FIT RIGHT BEHIND THE FOX EYES.

PAUL ADDS A FOX HEAD IN PHOSPHORUS PAINT!



BY RUNNING THIS CABLE RELEASE INSIDE MY SLEEVE, I'LL BE ABLE TO PRESS IT IN MY HAND AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

HE STRAPS THE CAMERA TO HIS WAIST.



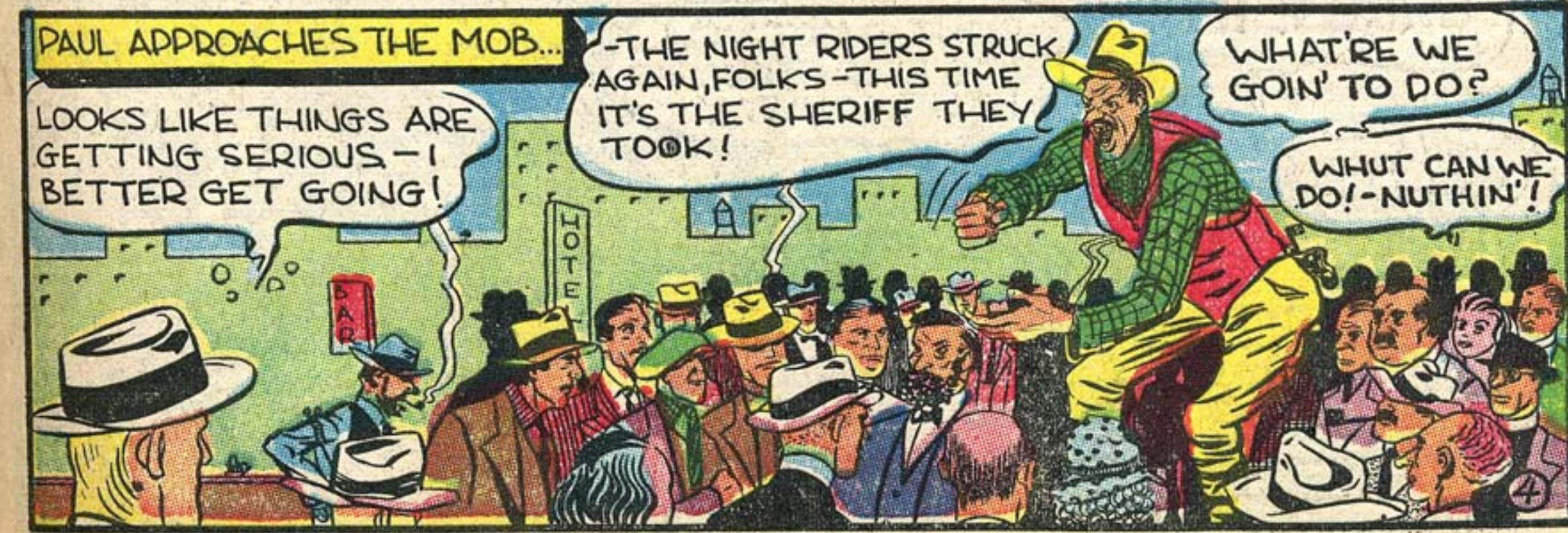
PAUL DATTON BECOMES THE FOX!



THE FOX SPEEDS TO FLEETSVILLE



IN FLEETSVILLE, PAUL PARKS HIS CAR-THEN LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE TOWN'S HAVING A MEETING.



PAUL APPROACHES THE MOB...

LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE GETTING SERIOUS - I BETTER GET GOING!

-THE NIGHT RIDERS STRUCK AGAIN, FOLKS - THIS TIME IT'S THE SHERIFF THEY TOOK!

WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO DO?

WHUT CAN WE DO! - NUTHIN'!

THE FOX SWINGS INTO ACTION!



I GUESS I CAN PARK AROUND HERE



OUT IN THE LONELY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY...

YOU DEVILS, YOU'RE KILLING THAT MAN!

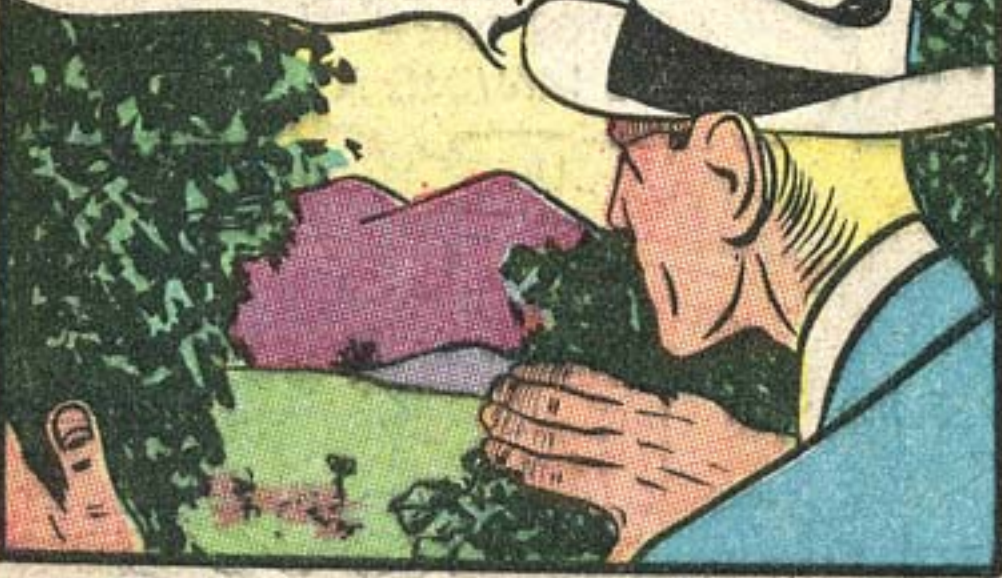
SHET UP, GAL, YOU'RE NEXT

WAL, SHERIFF, THIS'LL LARN YA NOT TO NOSEY IN OUR AFFAIRS!



MEANWHILE IN A FIELD, NOT FAR AWAY.

SO THAT'S THEIR PICNIC GROUNDS! AND THEY'RE GETTING READY TO WHIP RUTH RANSOM, WELL—HERE GOES!



THE NIGHT RIDERS STAND PARALYZED AS THE FOX, CAMERA CLICKING, BREAKS INTO VIEW!

YAH YAH YAH YAH YAAHH!



LOOKOUT BOYS, IT AIN'T HUMAN!

SHOOT 'IM!

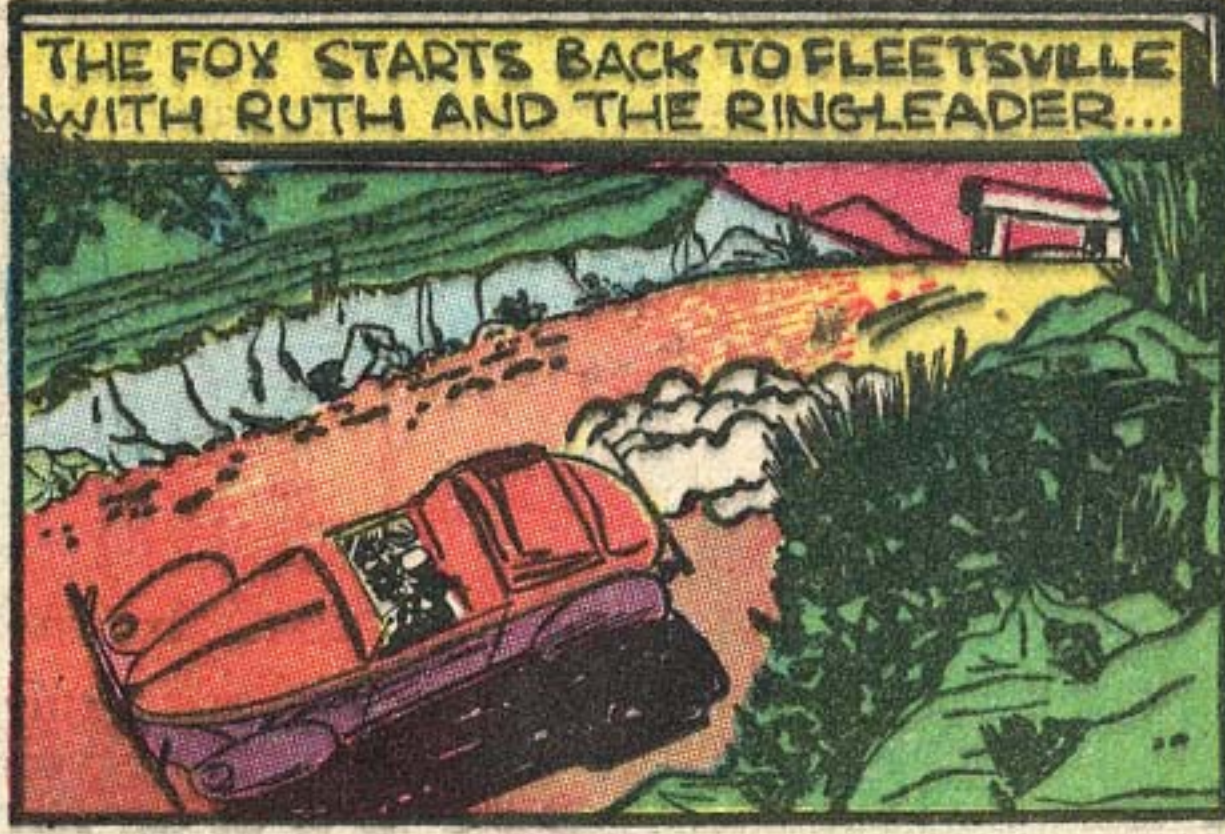
DON'T SHOOT, YE'LL BRING EVERY TROOPER IN THE COUNTY





DON'T HURT ME, I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

YOU BET YOU WILL-I'VE GOT YOUR PICTURE PRACTICALLY IN THE PAPER



THE FOX STARTS BACK TO FLEETSVILLE WITH RUTH AND THE RINGLEADER...



THE TOWNSPEOPLE GATHER IN THE STREET

HOLY CATS-I'M GRABBIN' THE NEXT TRAIN! THIS IS FRONT PAGE!

YEAH, COOPER TOO-'N HAM JONES, 'N OX HILLER, 'N-

C'MON FELLERS, WE'LL ROUND UP THOSE NIGHT RIDERS RIGHT NOW-SINCE WE KNOW WHO THEY ARE!



AFTER TAKING HIS SHOTS, THE FOX DISAPPEARS!

HEY, WHERE'S THAT-FOX?

IF THAT DON'T BEAT ALL-DIDNT EVEN GIVE US TIME TO THANK HIM!



LATER-THE OFFICES OF THE GLOBE

THERE'S THE STORY-IF I EVER SEE THE FOX AGAIN, I'LL KISS HIM! S'ELP ME!

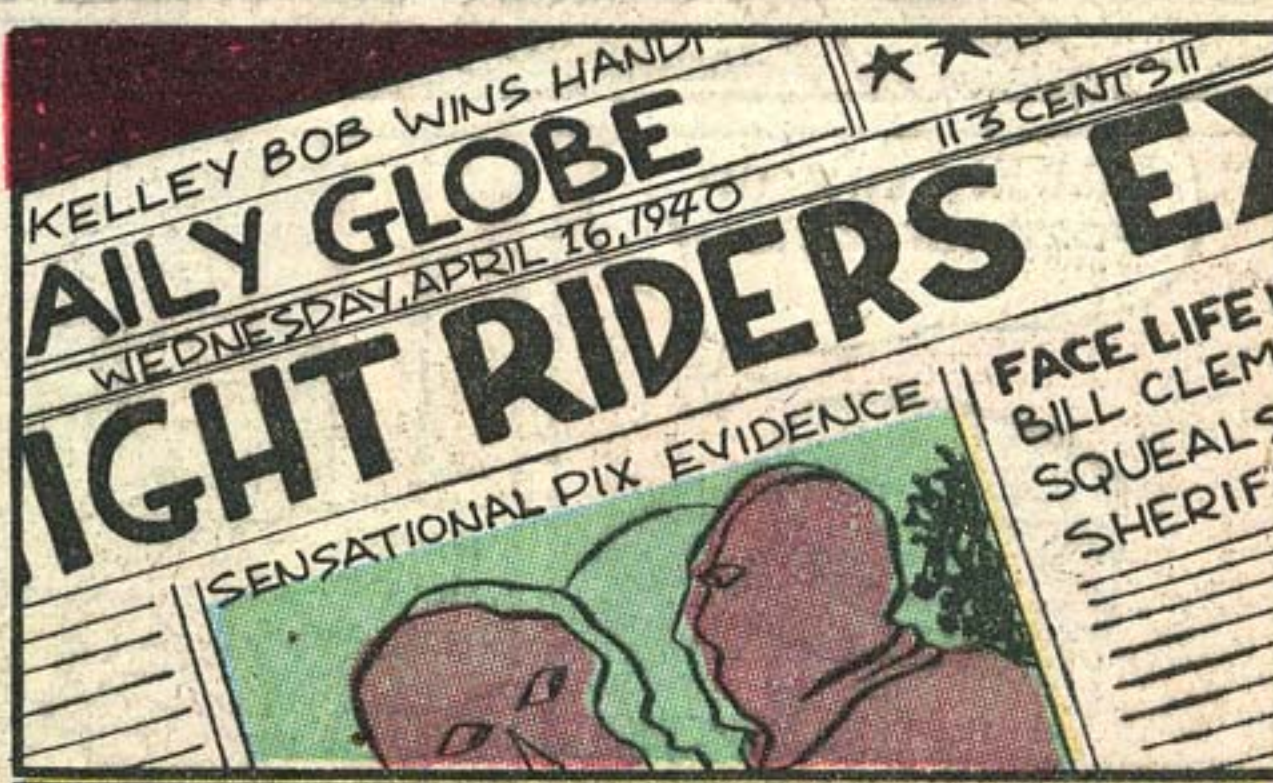


PAUL DATTON BRINGS IN ENLARGEMENTS OF PICTURES HE TOOK!

THESE ARE GREAT! WHO BROUGHT THEM IN?

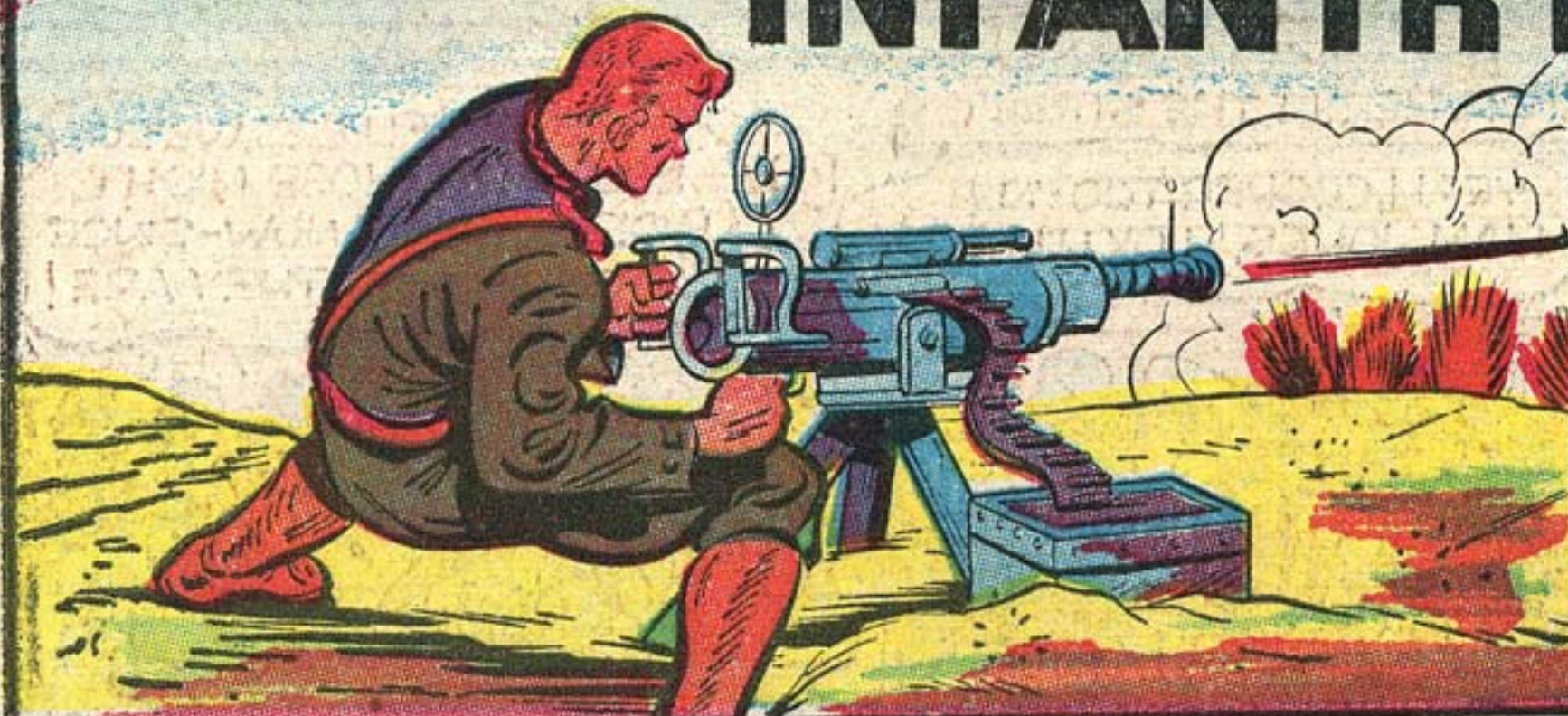
JUST A-A MAN, HE LEFT-ARE THEY ANY GOOD?

F'EVVINS SAKE!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE FOX IN NEXT MONTHS BLUE RIBBON COMICS.

Corporal COLLINS 'INFANTRYMAN'



CORPORAL COLLINS, TWO-FISTED AMERICAN, IS THE MOST ENVIED SOLDIER IN THE ENTIRE FRENCH ARMY. TIME AND AGAIN HE HAS REFUSED THE PROMOTION THAT HIS SPECTACULAR FIGHTING ABILITY HAS EARNED FOR HIM!



NOW COME ON, CORP, LIKE I TOLD YOU. DON'T DROP YOUR LEFT!

OKAY, SLAP-SIE!



C'MON, SLAPSIE!

WE'LL CALL THEM TO ATTENTION!

YES, WE'LL SEE HOW THEY ACT AT A SURPRISE INSPECTION!

GET HIM, COLLINS!



FALL IN! LINE UP FOR INSPECTION!



PUFF-PUFF-HURRY!

A TATTERED FIGURE STAGGERS INTO THE GYMNASIUM!



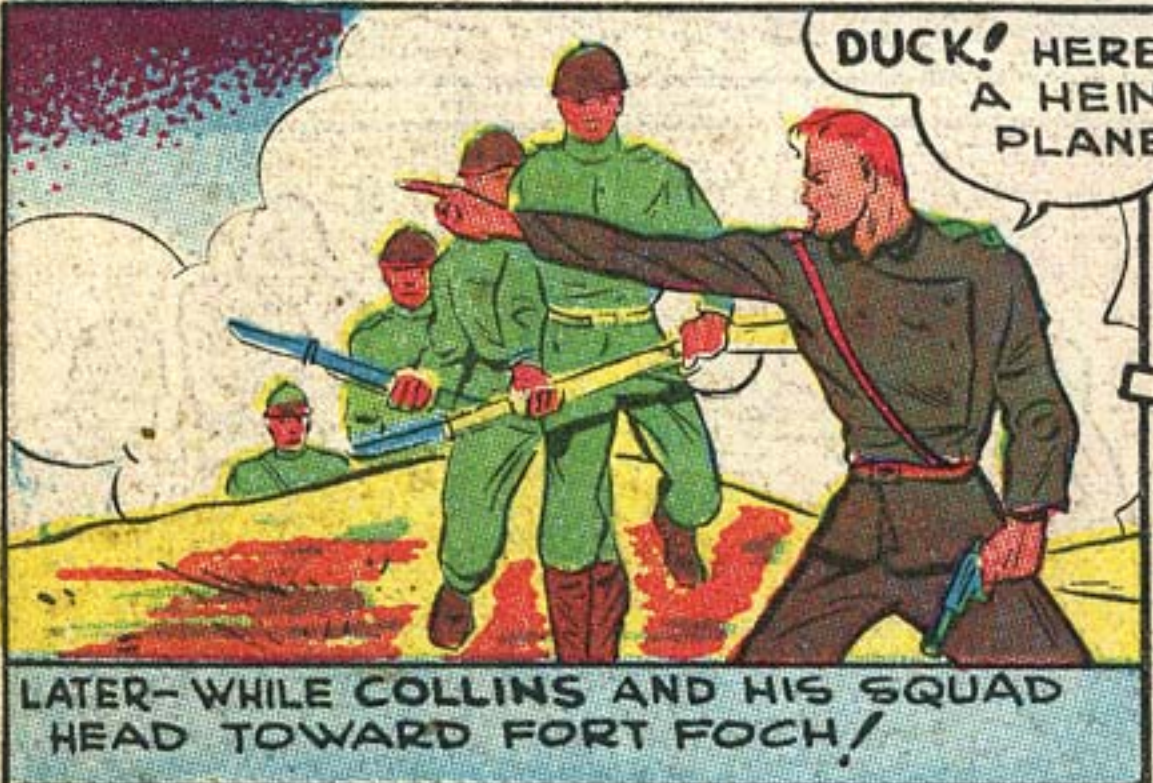
COMPANY 'C' IS TRAPPED IN OLD FORT FOCH—THEY'LL BE WIPED OUT TO THE LAST MAN!



WE NEED VOLUNTEERS — MEN WHO DON'T CARE IF.....

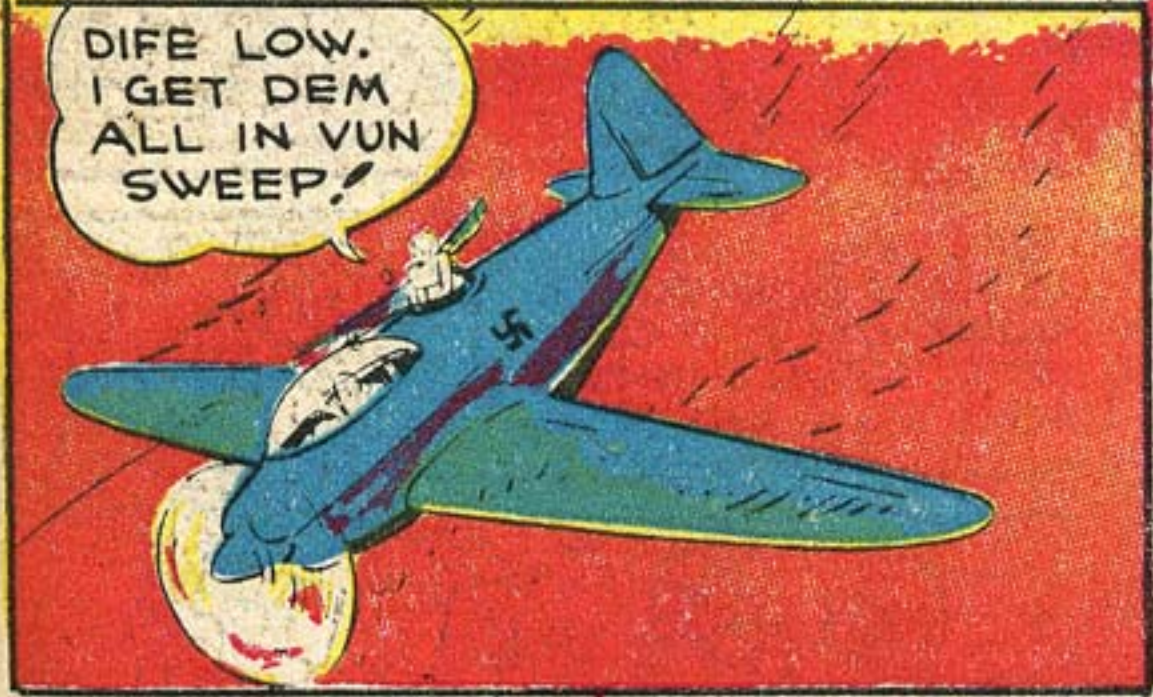


MY SQUAD'S READY TO LEAVE AT ONCE, GENERAL!



DUCK! HERE COMES A HEINIE PLANE!

LATER — WHILE COLLINS AND HIS SQUAD HEAD TOWARD FORT FOCH!



DIFE LOW. I GET DEM ALL IN VUN SWEEP!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! TOSS YOUR HELMETS IN A PILE HERE! HURRY UP!



WHAT'S THIS, SOME KIND OF GAME, CORP?

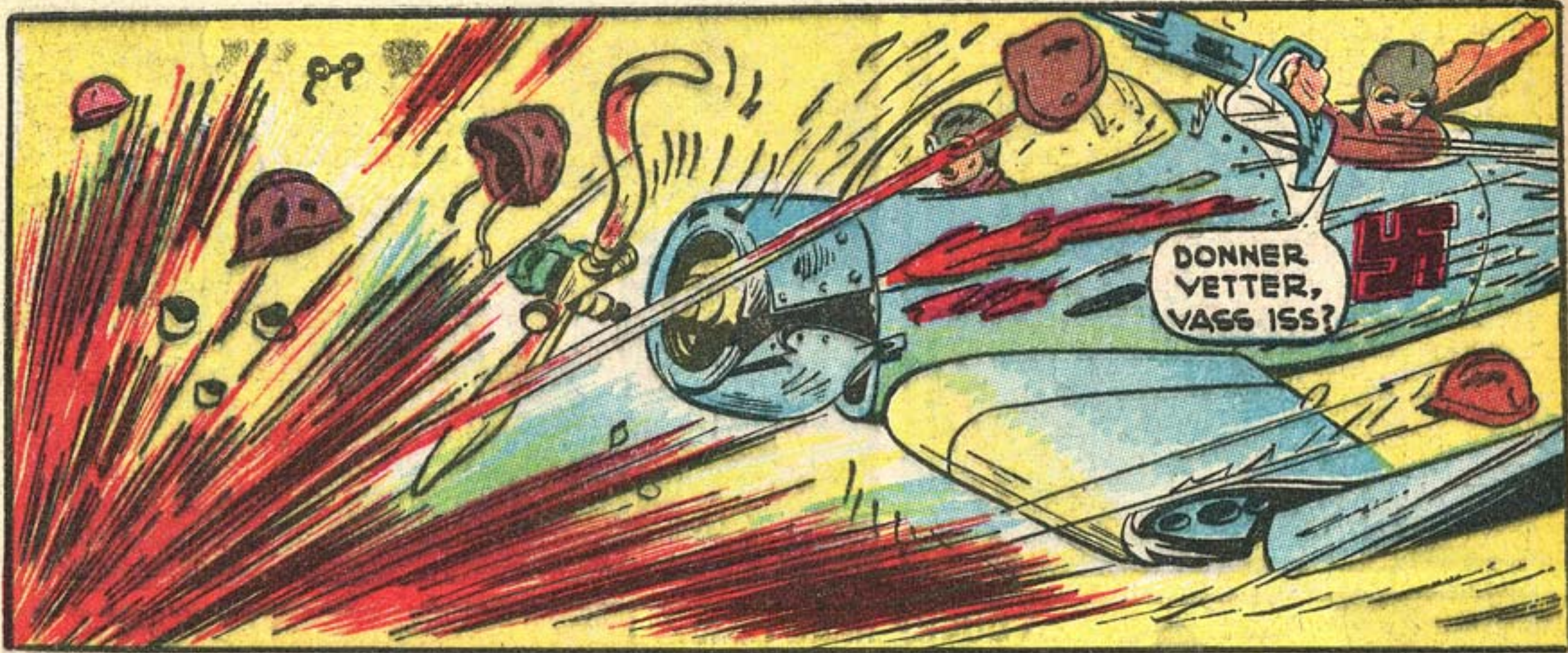
NEVER MIND THAT, MAKE IT SNAPPY, AND SCATTER!

COLLINS BITES THE PIN FROM A GRENADE!



WE USED TO DO THIS WITH TIN CANS AND FIRE CRACKERS ON THE FOURTH OF JULY!



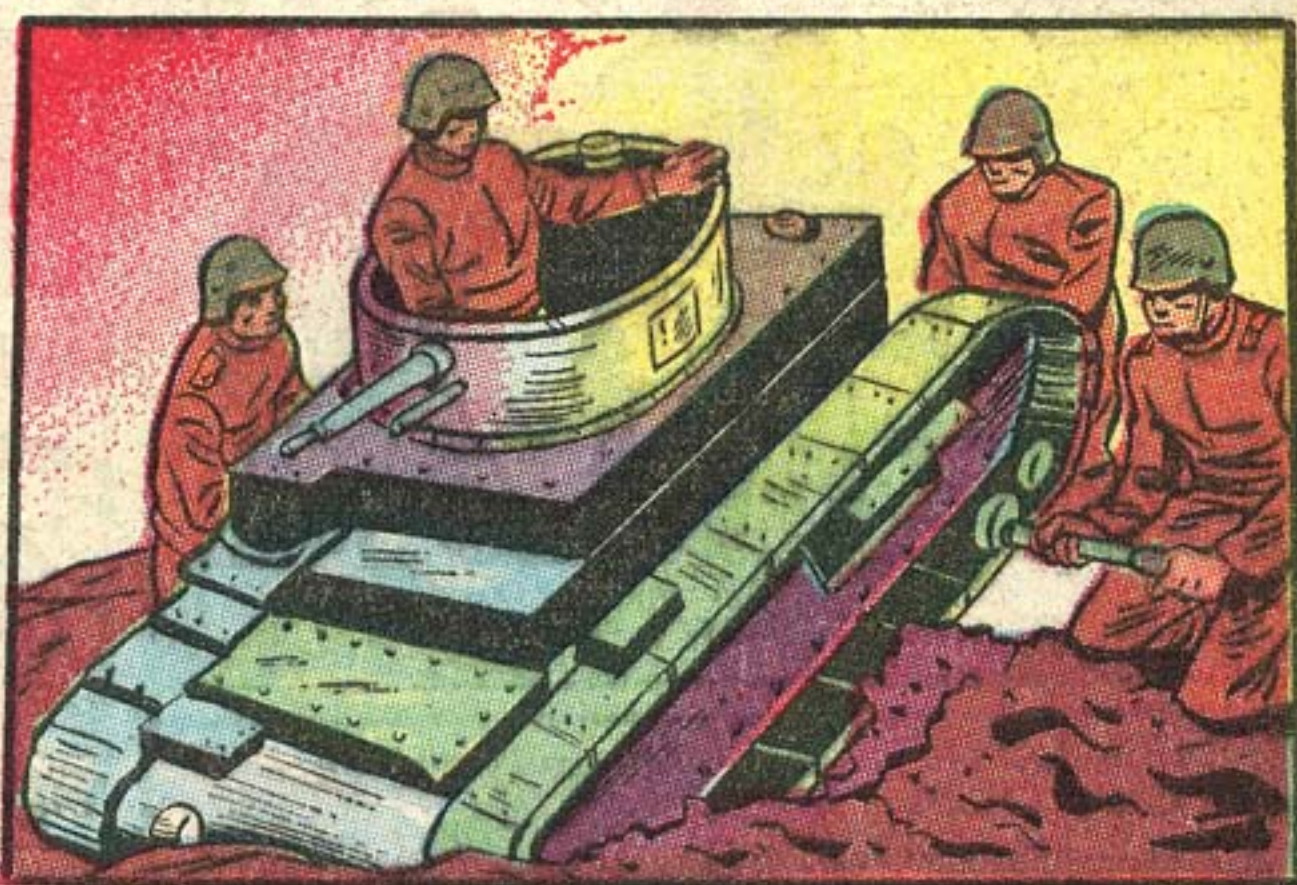


DONNER VETTER, VASS ISS?



THOSE HELMETS SURE BROUGHT THAT CRATE DOWN!

WHOA! THAT'S AN AZI TANK UP AHEAD, AND THE BOYS ARE OUT FOR THEIR SEVENTH INNING STRETCH!



HOW ABOUT ME TOSSING THIS INTO THEIR LAPS,

NO, I THINK MAYBE WE CAN HAVE SOME REAL FUN!



HEY YOU DUTCHIES, BE GOOD, AND YOU WON'T GET HURT MUCH. DROP YOUR GUNS AND COME OVER HERE. WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT, HAND TO HAND!



3

THE HUNS HUDDLE...

YAH, VE HAF FUN, I AM DE HEAFY-WEIGHT CHAMP OF GERMANY!

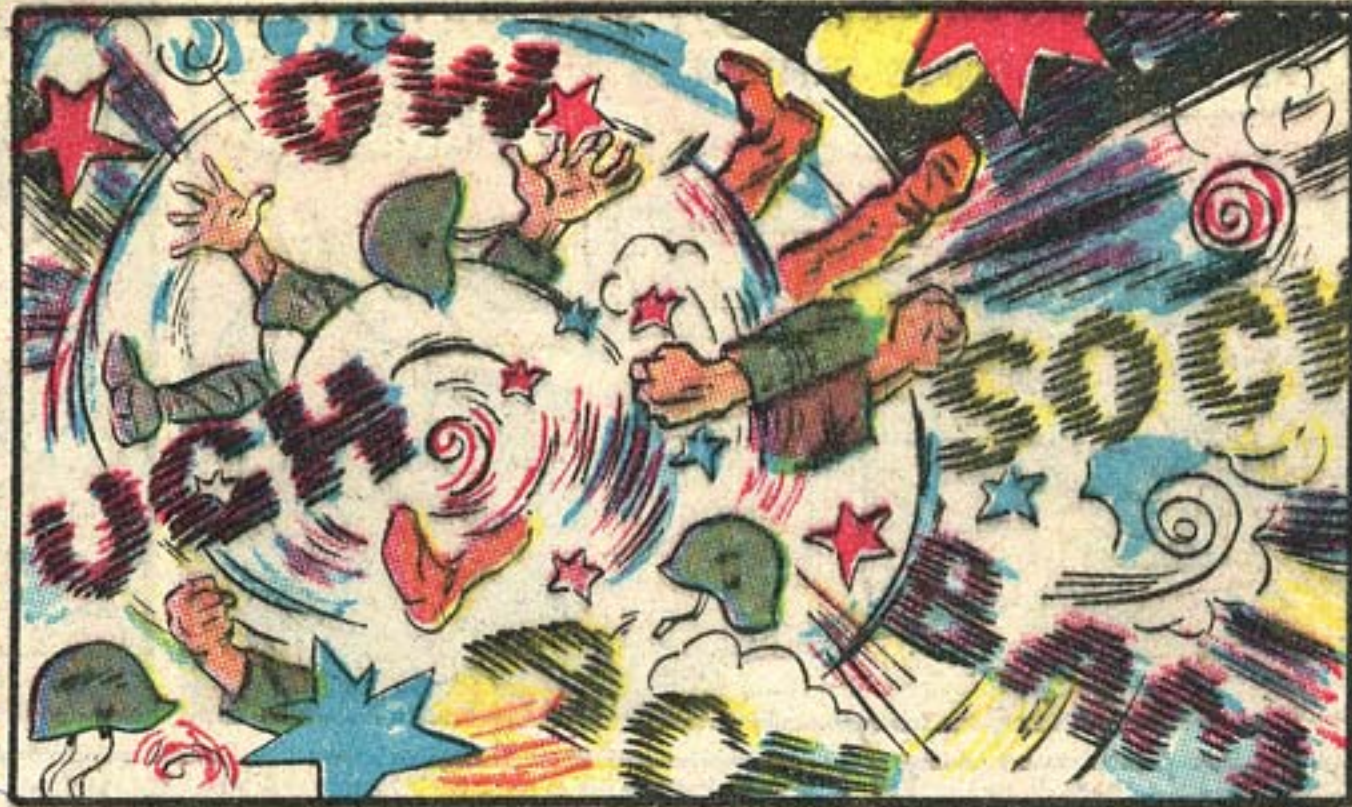


PSST-CORD, REMEMBER TO KEEP YORE LEFT UP!

OH, BOY!



GIFF ME DE RED HEAD IN DE MIDDLE - I GIFF HIM GOOT!



THAT'S THAT!

THAT WAS A NICE SCRAP! BUT WHERE'S SLAPSIE?

HEY, LOOK HERE!



WELL-WELL-WELL, LOOKA SLEEPING BEAUTY!

AW- HE HIT ME IN THE EYE WHILE MY BACK WAS TURNED.



BUT I WAS WATCHIN', YOU CORP, YOU'LL NEVER GET NO WHERE UNTIL YOU STOP LEADIN' WITH THAT RIGHT!

YOU GOT THE RIGHT IDEA SLAPSIE, PILE IN!



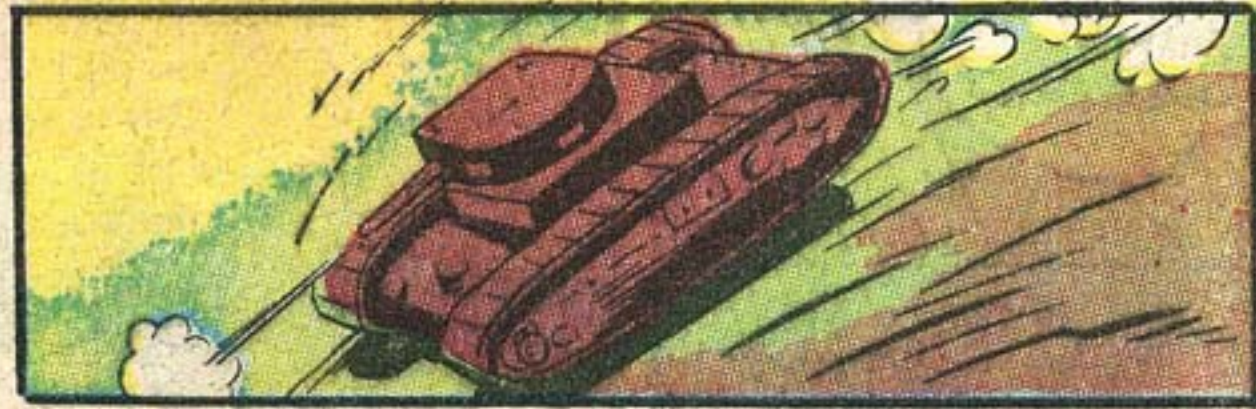
THERE'S THE FORT. THEY'RE SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES!

I COULDN'T FIND NO BEEF STEAK, CORP. YA THINK THIS WEINIE'LL HELP?



THE NAZIS HAMMER AWAY AT THE FORT

YEP, I'M GOIN' IN ALONE. WAIT HERE, AND STAY OUTA TROUBLE!



I BLEW MY HORN, YOU SHOULDA GOT OUTA MY WAY!



IT'S A GERMAN TANK, BUT THE HEINIES ARE FIRING AT IT!

HOLD FIRE! IT MAY BE FRENCH!



LET ME IN! I CAN'T DUCK THESE BULLETS MUCH LONGER!

WOW! IT'S COLLINS! HERE'S A ROPE!



UPSA-DAISY!



THE GERMAN BATTERIES HAVE STOPPED FIRING!

THAT'S FUNNY, MAYBE THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING!



I'LL BET THEY'RE DIGGING A MINE UNDER US— THAT'S AN OLD STUNT OF THEIRS!

WHAT CAN WE DO?



HAVE YOU GOT AN AIR RAID SHELTER? YOU HAVE, GOOD! ORDER EVERY MAN INTO IT!



I CAN HEAR THEM DIGGING AWAY— AFTER EVERY MAN IS SAFE, BLOW UP THE FORT.

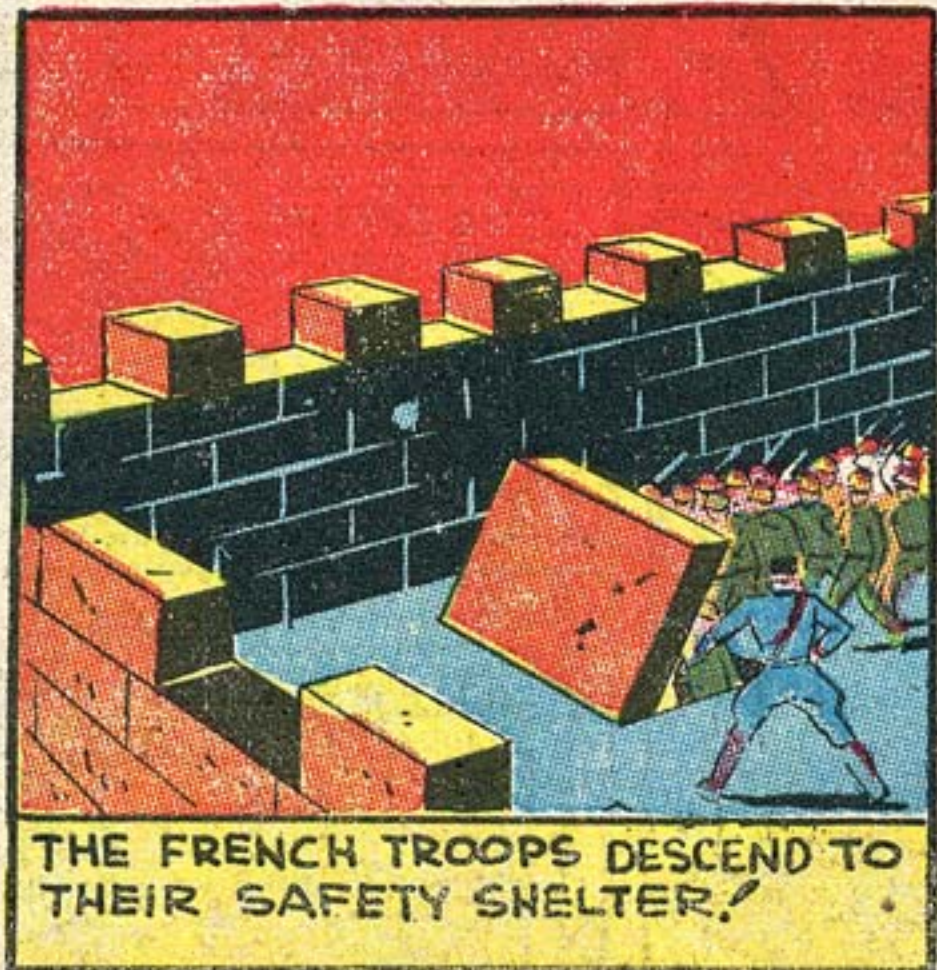


THEN WHAT!

JUST WAIT FOR ME!



I'LL PUT A STOP TO THOSE MINE DIGGERS!



THE FRENCH TROOPS DESCEND TO THEIR SAFETY SHELTER!



THIS'LL TAKE ME TO THEM!

COLLINS FINDS A WIRE AND TRAILS IT UNDERGROUND!



WELL, WELL, A COUPLE OF GROUND HOGS!



OW



ALL'S CLEAR! BLOW UP THE FORT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE BOMB SHELTER!



ACH! DOT ISS OUR MINE. DE BOYS DIG VERY FAST! PREPARE TO VIPE UP VOT ISS LEFT OF DEM!



DOTS VERY FUNNY, NO BODIES!

HMM—VERE ISS EFFRY—BODY!



THE FRENCH POUR OUT OF THEIR SHELTER!



YOU'RE SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES—DROP YOUR GUNS!



NAPOLEON! WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF SUCH STRATEGY!

AW, SHUCKS, IT WAS NOTHING!



GOOD! MY TANK IS STILL IN ONE PIECE!



YAY, COLLINS!

HE'S BACK. GOOD BOY!

HYA FELLAS!

NOW LOOK CORP. YA GOTTA KEEP YOUR LEFT UP, YA'LL NEVER BE A FIGHTER IF YA DON'T!



WATCH FOR MORE ADVENTURES OF CORPORAL COLLINS "INFANTRYMAN" IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS

HUNTING THE COYOTE

LIKE most institutions of the West, the coyote had to give way eventually to a modern development.

The coyote can outrun any animal, both in endurance and speed. It will exhaust a horse either at a slow gait or a fast one. It can easily outdistance the fleetest greyhound.

The animal never found his match for speed until some of the boys of the plains began experimenting with motorcycles. For a while the hunting of coyotes by Western youths, mounted on motorcycles or "steel bronchos" was a common sport, although a most dangerous one.

Whether the coyote is frightened into not displaying his best speed, or whether the motorcycle is the faster is a matter of conjecture, although it is only reasonable to suppose that the motorcycle is the faster. At any rate, after a few miles of racing with a motorcycle the coyote lies down and considers himself beaten.

The danger in such a hunt comes from ruts, arroyas, prairie dog burrows and other obstacles in the open plains country. Often these natural obstacles cause motorcycle and rider to turn violent somersaults and more than one boy has had his neck broken.

Besides the natural hazards an accidental and artificial hazard was provided unwittingly by the cowboys. In driving cattle across a road from one fenced area to another the cowboys were in the habit of loosening two top fence wires and stretching them across the open road to keep herds from spreading out. These top wires, glistening in the sunlight, were absolutely invisible to riders on motorcycles. After the herds had been driven the cowboys often neglected, for hours at a time, to replace the wires and open the road. The result was that several boys rode against these wires at terrific speed. The wires were about neck high and the results were complete and frightful decapitations.

There were several of these horrible accidents and then the sport of hunting coyotes on motorcycles was abandoned.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Blue Ribbon Comics, published monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1939.
State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Samuel Dinerman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Blue Ribbon Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.; Editor, Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.; Business Manager, Samuel Dinerman, 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.; Samuel Dinerman, 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.)

SAMUEL DINERMAN

(Signature of Business Manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1939. Maurice Coyne (My commission expires March 30, 1940).
Notary Public, Bronx Co. No. 102, Reg. No. 56-C-40; Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. No. 562, Reg. No. O-C-356; Cert. filed in Kings Co. No. 170, Reg. No. 360.
[SEAL]

GALAHAD GREAT NEW FEATURE
EVERY MONTH IN —

**TOP-NOTCH
COMICS**

TY-GOR

SON OF THE TIGER

DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE MALAY JUNGLES, THE HUNTERS OF THE GAFOUBAS, TIGER WORSHIPERS, ARE ABOUT TO MAKE A KILL DESTINED TO CHANGE THE LIFE OF EVERY LIVING THING IN THE JUNGLE....



A SAVAGE STANDS WITH SPEAR POISED ABOVE THE CUBS OF MALMA THE TIGRESS...



THE TIGER CUBS ARE TAKEN TO THE GAFOUBA CAMP FOR SACRIFICIAL RITES, BUT THE WITCH DOCTOR IS ANGERED!!



THE GODS HAVE SPOKEN!! ...TO ATONE FOR THE DEATH OF THE TIGER CUBS, WE MUST OFFER A HUMAN SACRIFICE....THIS TIME IT MUST BE A WHITE BOY!!



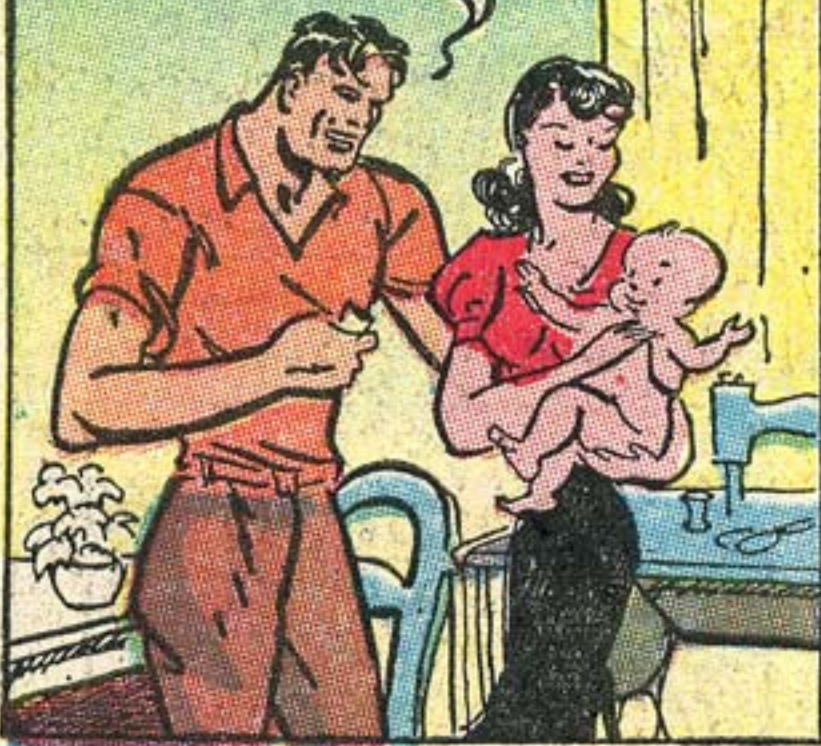
AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE JUNGLE, AN AMERICAN SCIENTIST IS MAKING HIS TEMPORARY HOME....



..... THE DREADED GAFOUBAS ARE ON THE MARCH.....

INSIDE THE CABIN

HE LOOKS LIKE AN ALL-AMERICAN ALREADY, DOESN'T HE! I CAN SEE THE HEADLINES NOW! TYRONE GORMAN, STAR HALF BACK, YALE, 1965



BUT THE GORMAN'S HAPPINESS IS TO BE SHORT-LIVED. OUTSIDE, THE GAFOUBAS SNEAK UP FOR THE KILL.



THE TIGER WORSHIPERS COMPLETE THEIR DREADFUL MISSION



THE MEDICINE MEN PREPARE BABY TYRONE GORMAN FOR THE TIGERS



THE INFANT IS LEFT AT A FAVORITE WATERING PLACE OF THE TIGERS



MALMA, THE TIGRESS, MISSES HER CUBS AND BEGINS TO SEARCH FOR THEM

SHE COMES UPON BABY TYRONE GORMAN



MALMA, THE TIGRESS, ADOPTS THE BABY IN PLACE OF HER OWN DEAD CUBS!



MALMA'S MATE, JUNTO ENTERS HIS DEN!



THE GREAT MALE RESENTS THE BABY.....



BUT MALMA DEFENDS HER HUMAN CUB!

MALMA SEES THAT THE INFANT HAS PLENTY TO EAT.....



THE TIGERS TEACH THE BOY TO HATE THE WEAPONS AND SCENT OF THE MALAYS...



WEEKS PASS... MALMA AND JUNTO GROW ACCUSTOMED TO THE NEW CUB....



AS HE GROWS OLDER, THE BOY
LEARNS TO HUNT WITH
THE TIGERS.....!!



BUT HE HAS ALWAYS SAVED THE BABY
CLOTHES HE WORE WHEN THE
GAFOUBAS KIDNAPPED HIM.....ONLY
"TY" AND "GOR" REMAIN OF
THE ORIGINAL LAUNDRY MARK.....



THE LAD WHILES
AWAY THE HOURS
TRACING OUT THESE
SYMBOLS.....



HM!
TY-GOR.
ME
TY-GOR

TY-GOR!
NOW WHO
COULD
HAVE MADE
THOSE
MARKS?

?

TWO EXPLORERS
COME ACROSS
THE STRANGE
MARKINGS

ONE DAY WHILE
JUNTO DRINKS FROM
A POOL NEARBY.....





THE GAFOUBA'S POISONED SPEAR STRIKES HOME.....!!

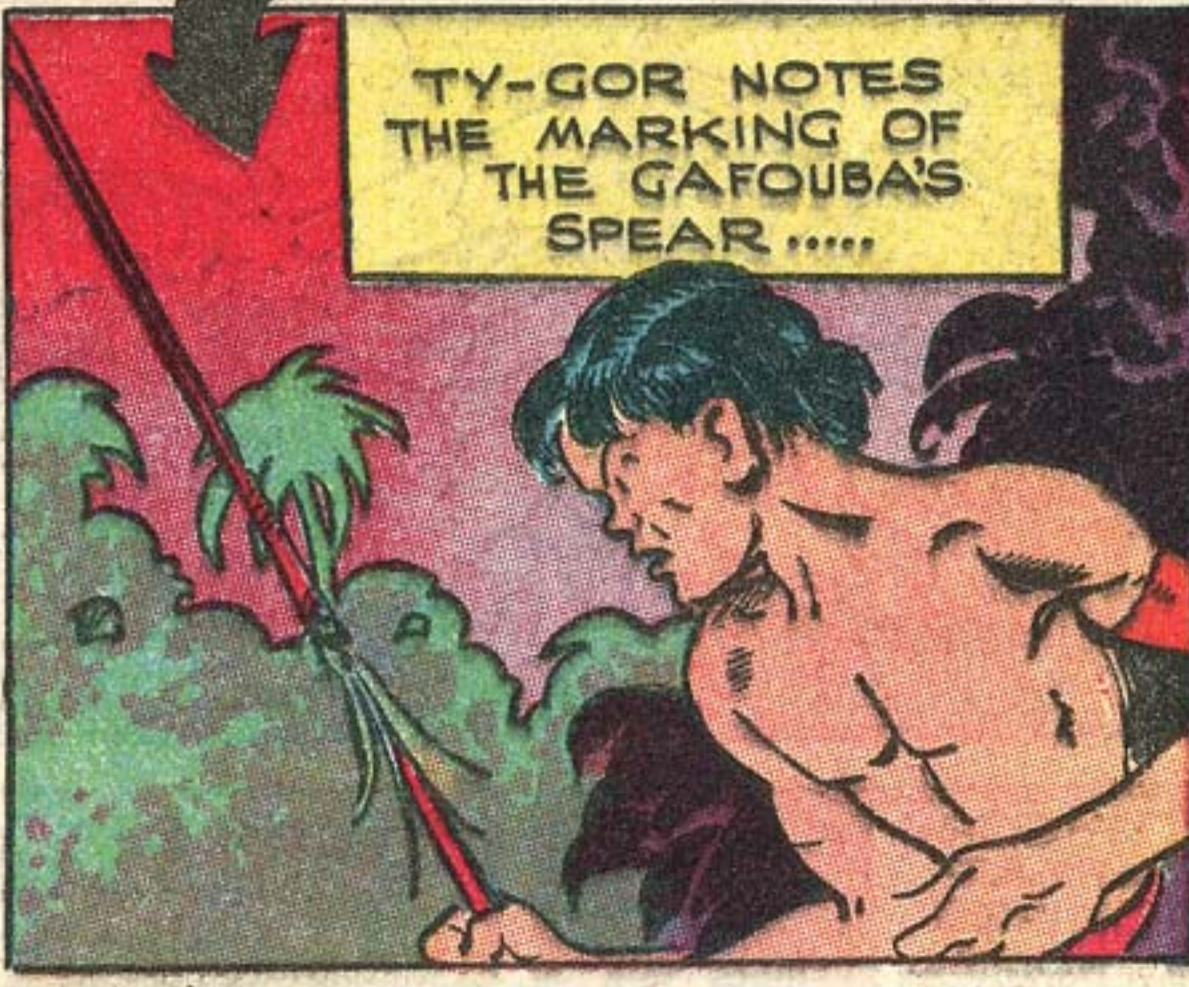


JUNTO REACHES HIS DEN TO DIE.....



AND HE SWEARS VENGEANCE ABOVE THE BODY OF THE TIGER THAT HAD BEEN HIS FATHER!

TY-GOR!!
TY-GOR!



TY-GOR NOTES THE MARKING OF THE GAFOUBA'S SPEAR.....



TY-GOR DONS THE SKIN OF THE MIGHTY JUNTO.....

TYGOR LEADS THE TIGERS TOWARD THE VILLAGE OF THE GAFOUBAS.... HIS FIRST GREAT ADVENTURE!!



THE NATIVES FLEE IN TERROR!

AS A SAVAGE RAISES HIS SPEAR TO STRIKE MALMA



TY-GOR RECOGNIZES JUNTA'S SLAYER BY HIS FEATHERED SPEAR.....



TY-GOR'S SPEAR DRIVES HOME...



TYGOR HAS AVENGED THE DEATH OF JUNTO!!



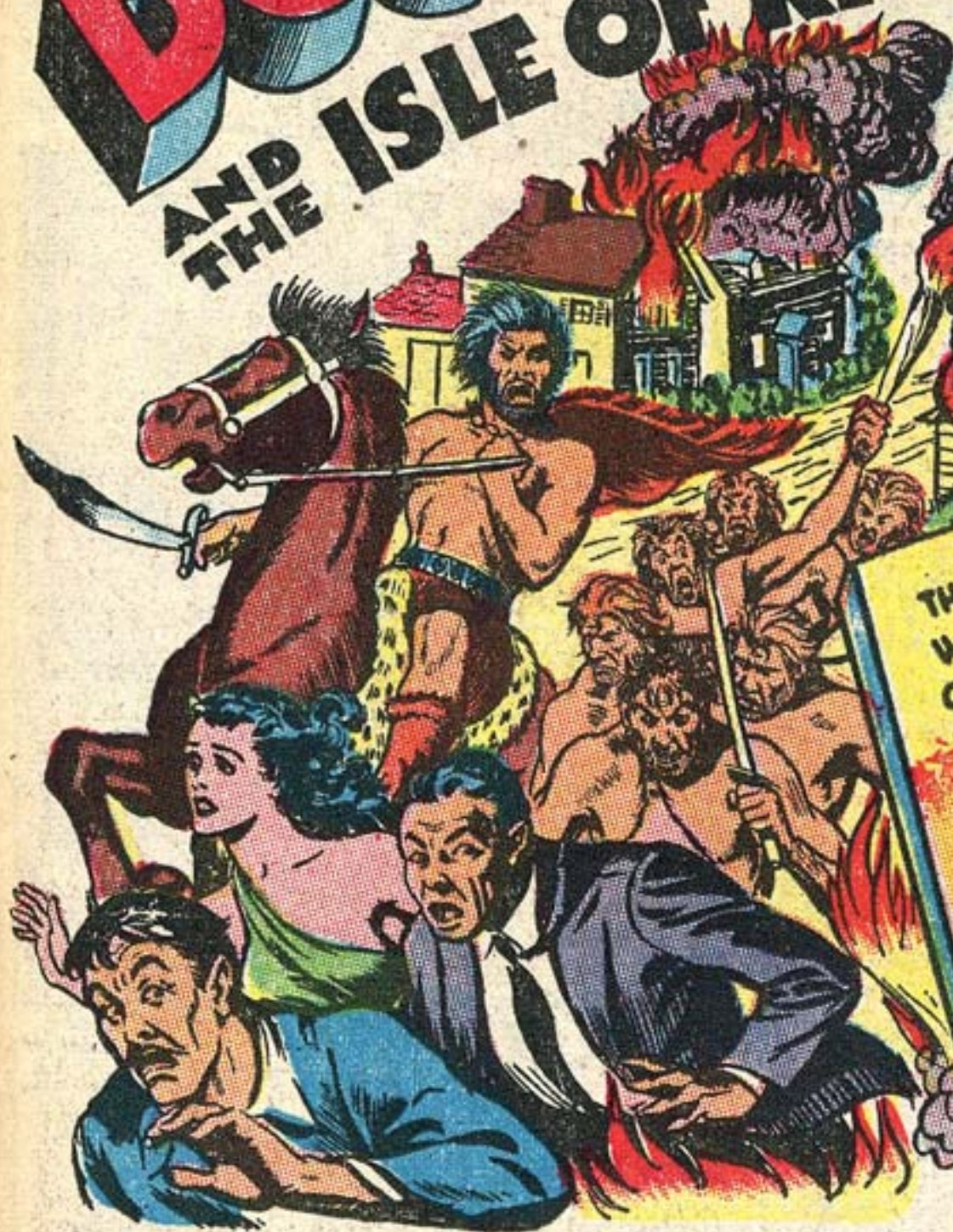
MORE ADVENTURES OF TY-GOR, SON OF THE TIGER, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

Blue Ribbon Comics



DOC STRONG

AND THE ISLE OF RIGHT



THE WORLD WAR, WHICH BEGAN IN 1939, LEFT IN ITS WAKE CARNAGE, PILLAGE AND DEATH. AFTER 100 YEARS OF WAR, MORE THAN HALF THE WORLD HAS BEEN WIPED OUT, AND CITIES LIE IN CRUMBLING RUINS. AND THEN A NEW MENACE ARISES. A VAST BARBARIC HORDE FROM SOME FORGOTTEN CORNER OF ASIA DESCENDS ON A TREMBLING WORLD. THOUGH THEY ARE ARMED ONLY WITH KNIVES, SPEARS, BOWS AND ARROWS, THEIR NUMBERS AND SAVAGERY EASILY OVERPOWER ALL OPPOSITION!

by SAM COOPER

AT THEIR HEAD IS GUSTAVE RITTER, A HALF CASTE MONGOI



RITTER BUILDS AN ENORMOUS PALACE, AND USES THE CONQUERED PEOPLE AS SLAVES!



MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING FROM RITTER'S HORDES, DOC STRONG, FAMOUS SCIENTIST, ALICE RAYBURN, AN ATOMIC CHEMIST, AND PROFESSOR HARRISON, ELECTRICAL ENGINEER, FLEE TO THE FORESTS!



AN IDEA IS BORN!
WE MUST DO SOMETHING!

I KNOW AN UNCHARTED ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC! WE CAN BEGIN A NEW CIVILIZATION, THERE!

WE WILL CALL IT THE ISLE OF RIGHT!

WHAT'S THIS?



WHILE ON THEIR JOURNEY TO THE SEA COAST, THEY COME UPON A ONE-SIDED BATTLE!

I GUESS I CAN USE THIS HERE FOR A BAT!



THIS BANE FUN!



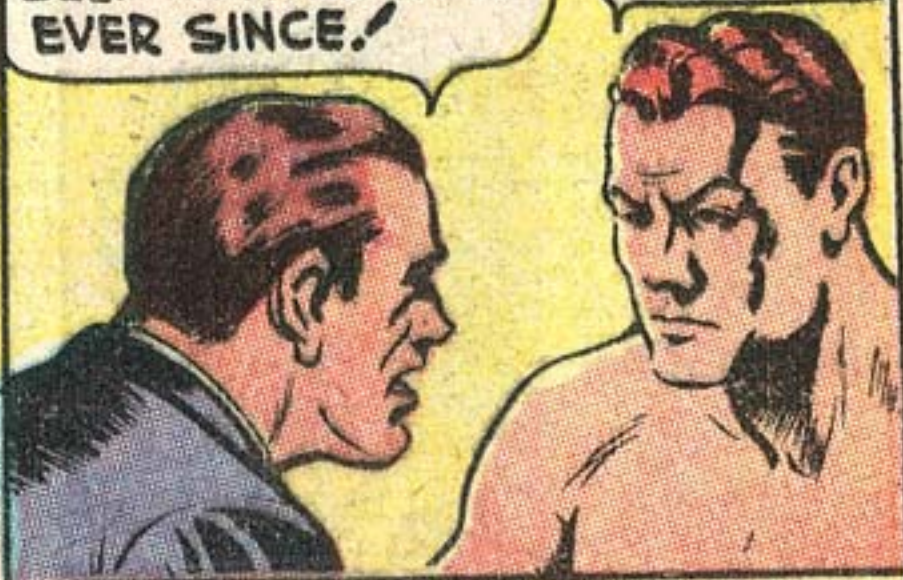
A GIANT SWEDE RIPS A TREE FROM THE GROUND WITH AN INCREDIBLE DISPLAY OF STRENGTH, AND.....

I AM DR. HENRY DAVIDGE. THIS IS WALTER PARKER, THE GREAT MECHANICAL ENGINEER. AND EDWARD STUYVESANT, THE GEOLOGIST. THE BIG FELLOW IS SAMPSON SMITH, OUR COOK!



OUR UNIVERSITY WAS BURNED, AND WE HAVE BEEN HUNTED MEN EVER SINCE!

WILL YOU JOIN US IN OUR VENTURE?



DOC STRONG TELLS THEM OF HIS ISLAND!

WE CAN USE THE ISLAND AS OUR HEAD-QUARTERS TO FIGHT RITTER!

I'M WITH YOU, AND I'M SURE THE OTHERS ARE TOO!

OF COURSE I'LL COME --- FOR YOU!



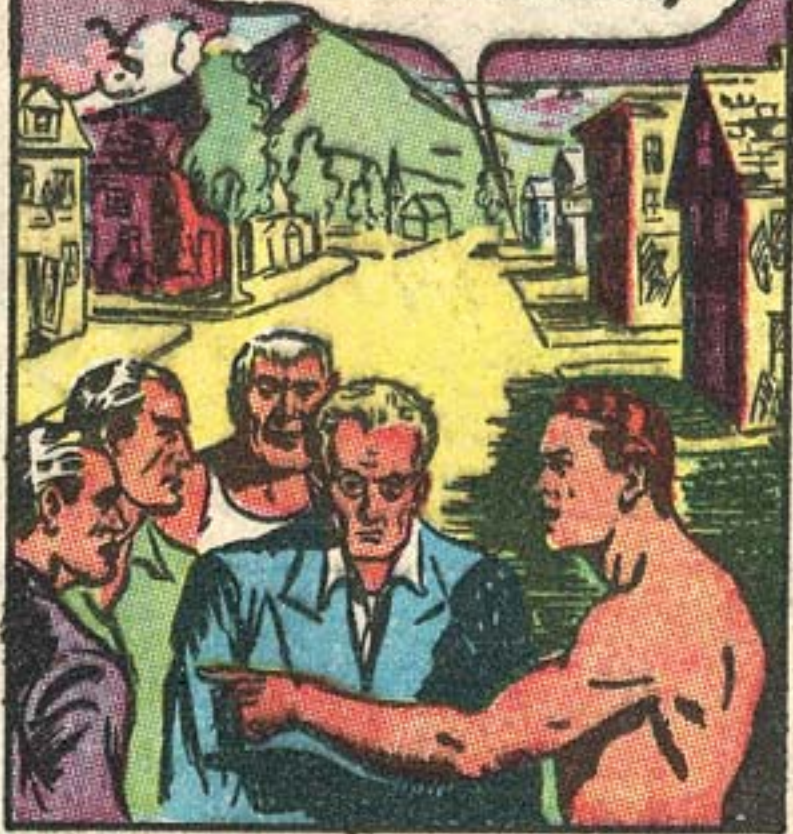
AND SO BEGINS THE WEIRD ADVENTURES OF THE ISLE OF RIGHT!

THERE IS THE PACIFIC.
NOW TO GET A BOAT!



AFTER WEEKS
OF TRAVEL!

THE VILLAGE IS DESERTED.
WE'LL SEPARATE, AND SEE
WHAT WE CAN FIND.
THERE MUST BE A BOAT
SOMEWHERE!



IT NEEDS REPAIRS.
BUT WITH THESE
TOOLS I FOUND, IT
WON'T TAKE LONG!



SAMPSON DISCOVERS
A BOAT!

DOC'S NAUTICAL KNOWLEDGE
MAKES THE BOAT
SEAWORTHY, AND
THEY BEGIN THEIR
HAZARDOUS JOURNEY!



THE BEGINNING OF A NEW
WORLD!

THERE SHE
IS!



A MONTH LATER THEY REACH
THEIR GOAL, A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND
500 MILES SOUTH EAST
OF CHRISTMAS ISLAND!

WE'LL BUILD OUR
LABORATORIES THERE!



THEY GET RIGHT TO
WORK, AND BUILD
HOUSES AND WORK
SHOPS!

AS SOON AS
HER LABORATORY IS COMPLETED,
ALICE PLUNGES INTO
HER RESEARCHES.
AND AFTER
WEEKS OF
WORK DISCOVERS
A METHOD
OF MAKING
SYNTHETIC
STEEL FROM
THE SUN'S
RAYS!

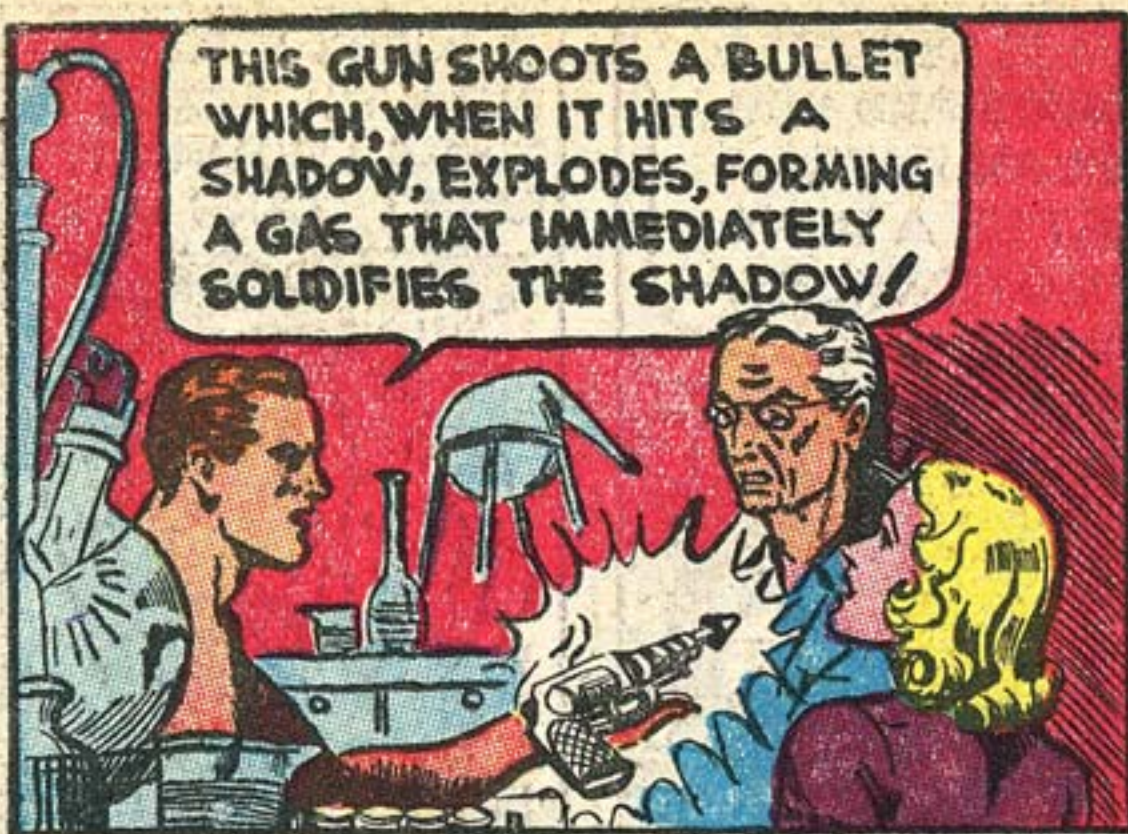
WITH THIS DISCOVERY WE'LL
BE ABLE TO MAKE MOTORS,
AIRPLANES;-ANYTHING!



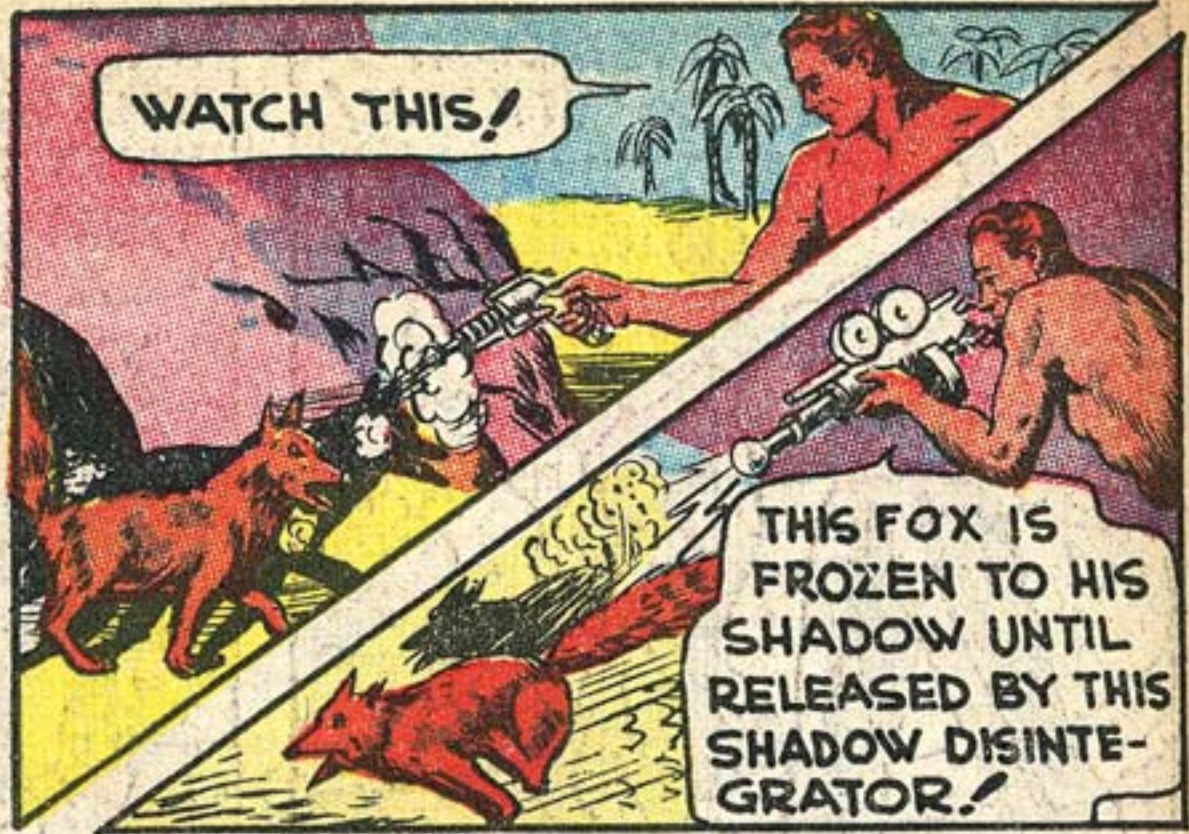
SOON
DOC
STRONG
MAKES A
STARTLING
DISCOVERY.
A METHOD
OF SOLIDIFYING
SHADOWS!



WE HAVE
IT!!



THIS GUN SHOOTS A BULLET WHICH, WHEN IT HITS A SHADOW, EXPLODES, FORMING A GAS THAT IMMEDIATELY SOLIDIFIES THE SHADOW!



WATCH THIS!

THIS FOX IS FROZEN TO HIS SHADOW UNTIL RELEASED BY THIS SHADOW DISINTEGRATOR!



OUR FIRST JOB IS TO RELEASE RITTER'S PRISONERS!

AND WE CAN BRING THEM HERE!



PROFESSOR HARRISON, YOU TAKE THE DIRIGIBLE. THE REST OF US WILL USE THE PLANE!

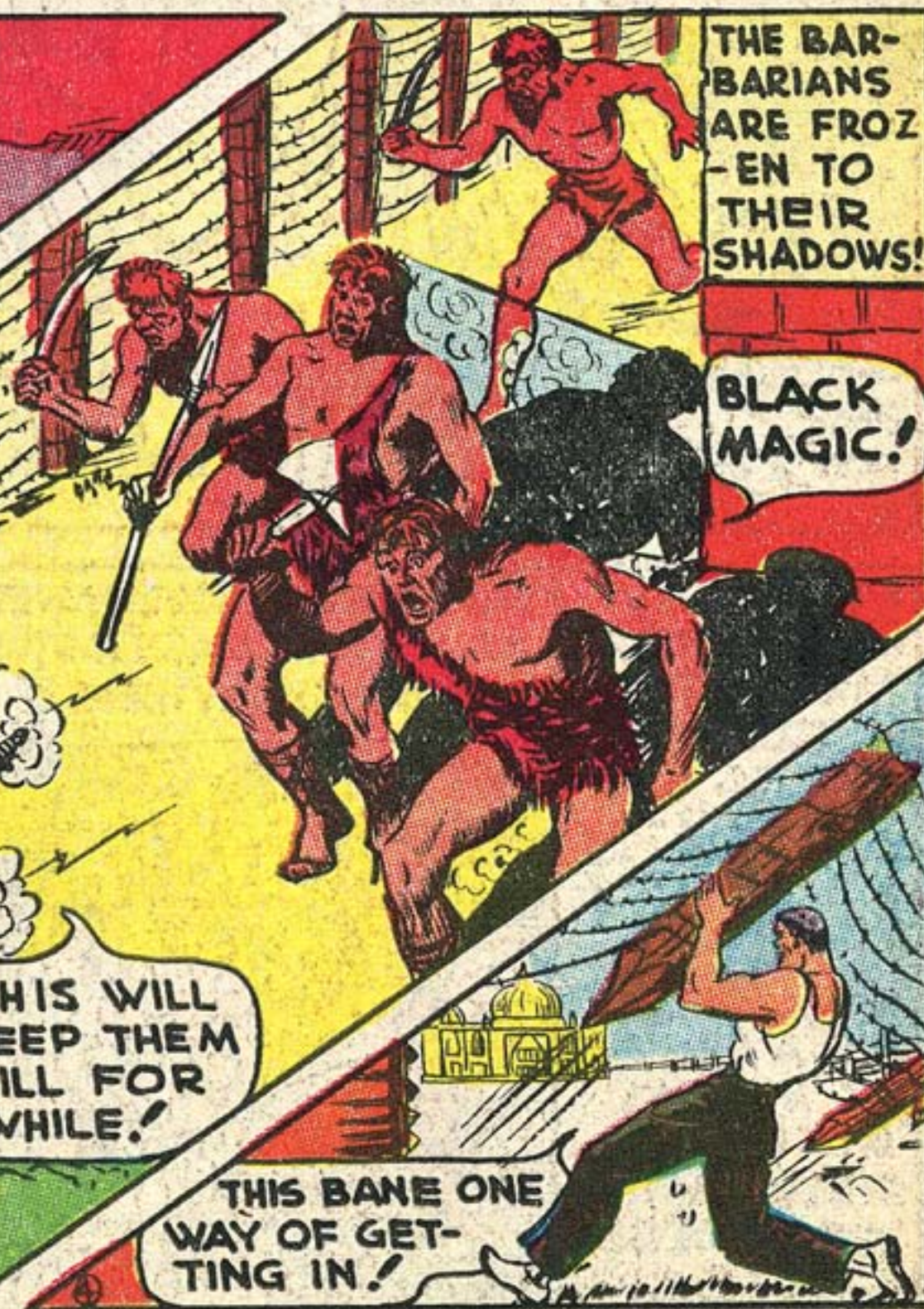
THAT NIGHT THE INHABITANTS OF THE ISLE OF RIGHT DISCUSS THEIR PLANS

AFTER MONTHS OF LABOR, AN AIR-PLANE AND DIRIGIBLE ARE BUILT!



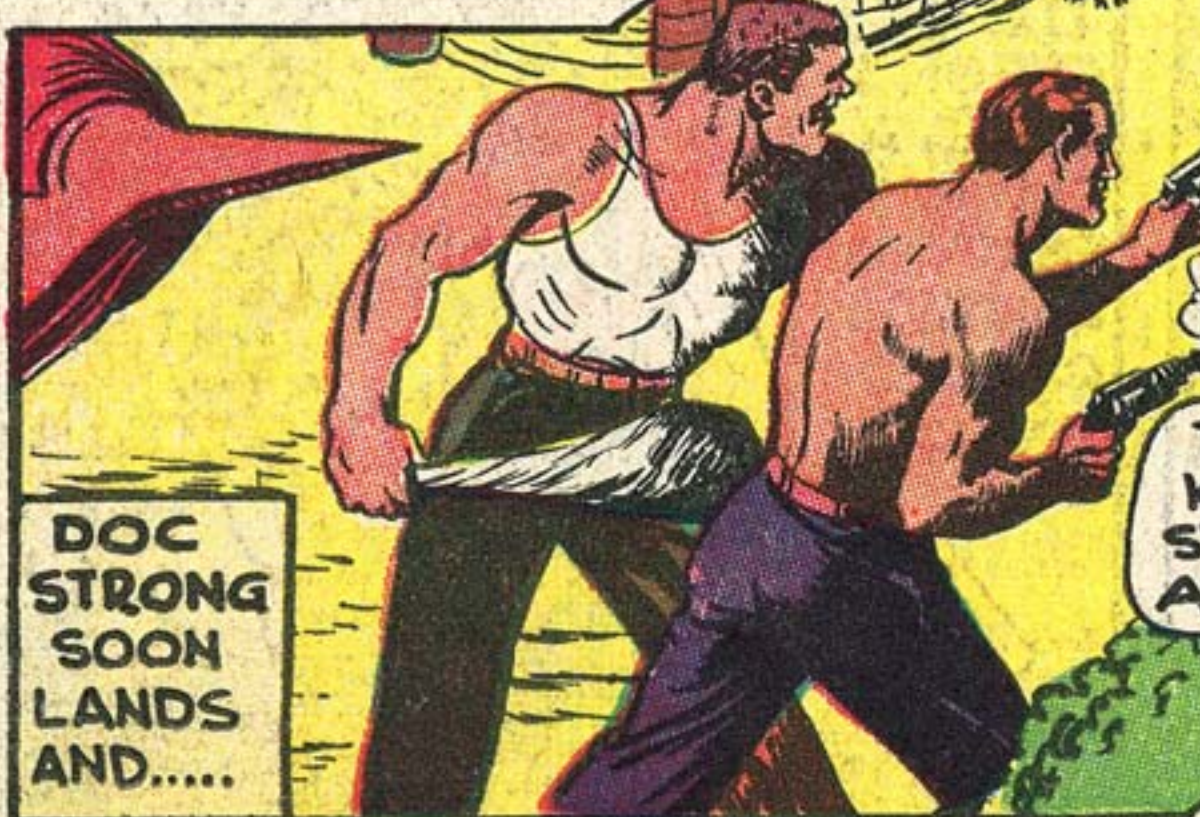
THE PLANE SOON ARRIVES AT RITTER'S PALACE!

WE'LL LAND BY THE GATE!



THE BARBARIANS ARE FROZEN TO THEIR SHADOWS!

BLACK MAGIC!



DOC STRONG SOON LANDS AND.....

THIS WILL KEEP THEM STILL FOR AWHILE!

THIS BANE ONE WAY OF GETTING IN!



THAT'S RIGHT, COME ON, ALL OF YOU, OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT!

DOC SHADOW-GUNS ALL THE BARBARIANS HE CAN FIND!



AND NOW FOR YOUR CHIEF!



YOU WON'T NEED THESE KEYS ANYMORE!



WILL YOU HELP US OVERTHROW RITTER?

THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF OUR HEARTS!

YES!

DOC RELEASES THE PRISONERS!



AS DOC STRONG LEADS THEM TO THE DIRIGIBLE.....

WATCH OUT, DOC, LOOK!



THIS WILL STOP THEM!

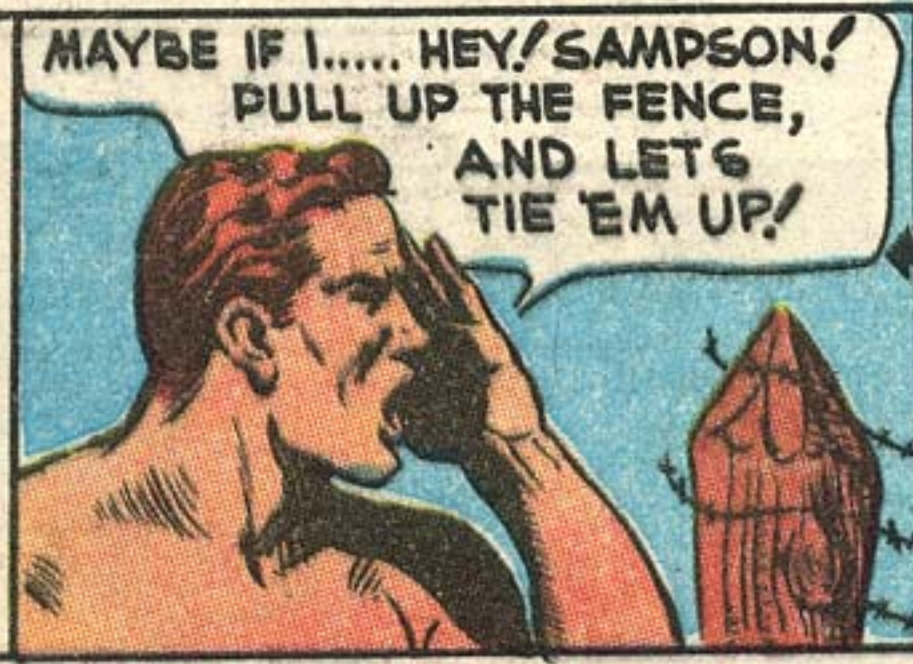


IF I FIRE, WE'LL BE SEALED UP IN THE SHADOW OF THE AIR-SHIP!

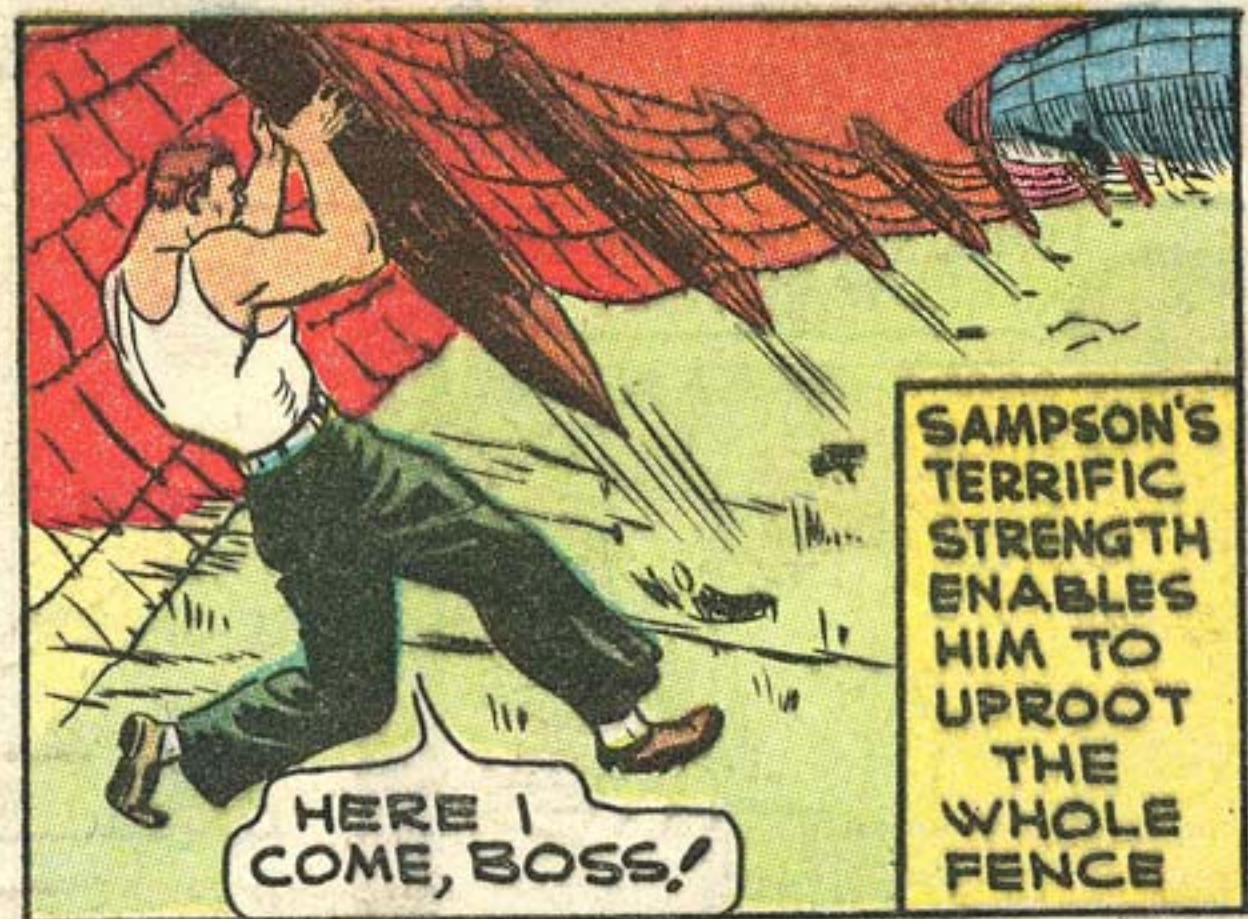


THE BARBARIANS ROAR DOWN, EAGER FOR THE KILL!

DOC TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE!



MAYBE IF I..... HEY! SAMPSON! PULL UP THE FENCE, AND LET'S TIE 'EM UP!



HERE I COME, BOSS!

SAMPSON'S TERRIFIC STRENGTH ENABLES HIM TO UPROOT THE WHOLE FENCE



A FIGHT TO THE DEATH APPEARS IMMINENT!

THEY'LL NEVER TAKE US ALIVE!



ATTA BOY, SAMPSON! THIS IS GONNA BE SOME FISH STORY!



WRAP 'EM NICE AND SNUG, SAMPSON!

HO, BOSS! WE BANE GET OUT OF JAM BY GETTING THEM INTO JAM!



SO LONG BOYS! PLEASANT SQUEEZE!



FILLED WITH FREED PRISONERS, THE DIRIGIBLE SETS OFF FOR THE ISLE OF RIGHT!



I'LL DISINTEGRATE THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE I LEAVE!



WE STRUCK OUR FIRST BLOW FOR LIBERTY AND THE ISLE OF RIGHT! WONDER WHAT RITTER WILL SAY!

HOME-WARD BOUND!



WHAT!! WE MUST RE-CAPTURE THEM. THE DOGS SHALL DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS!

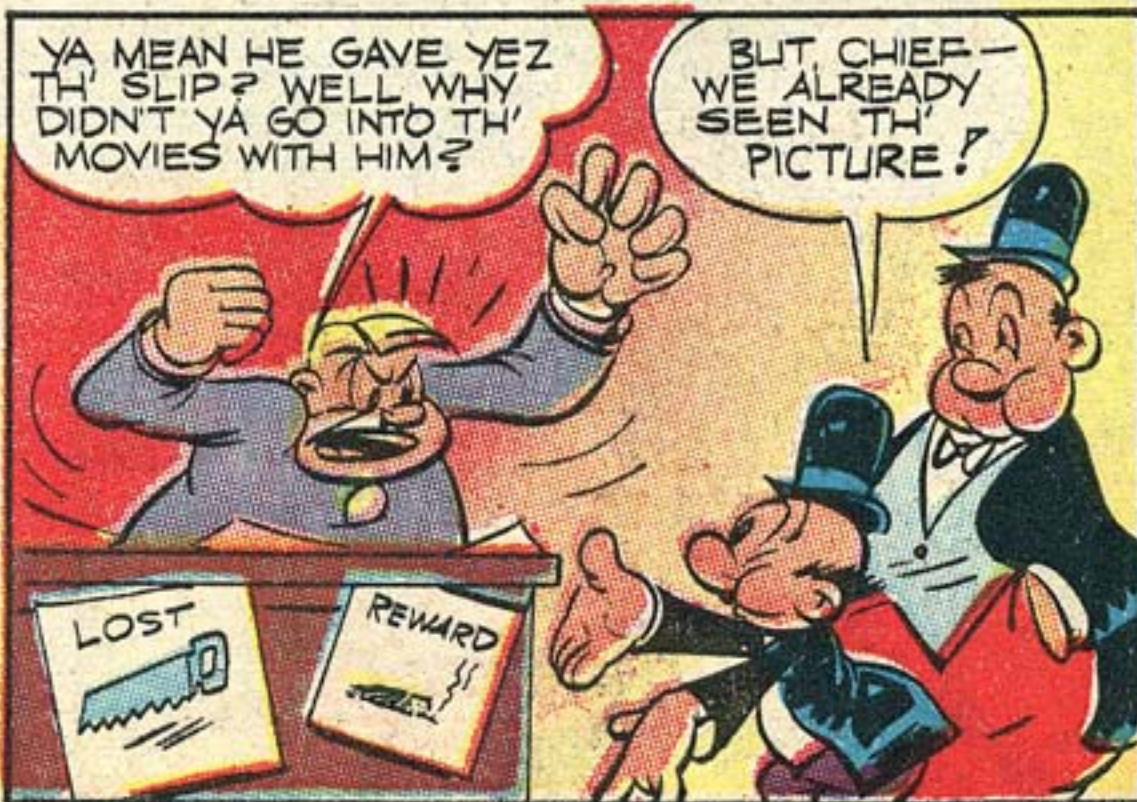
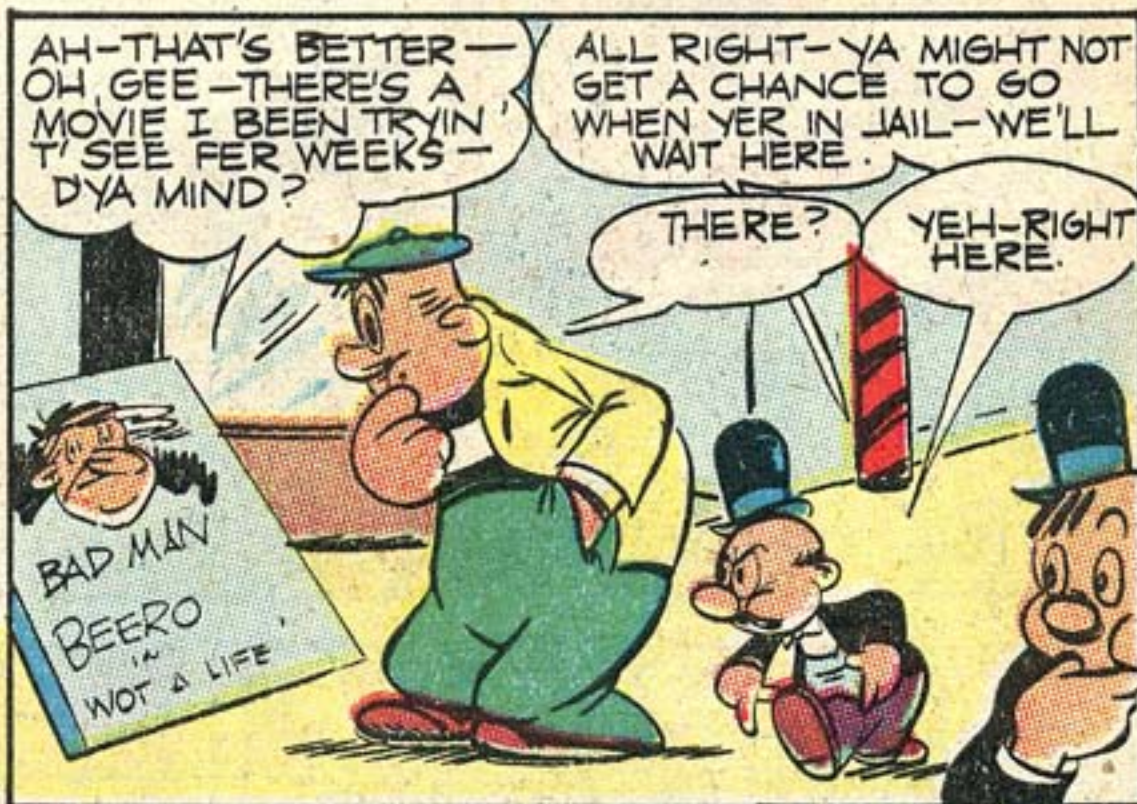
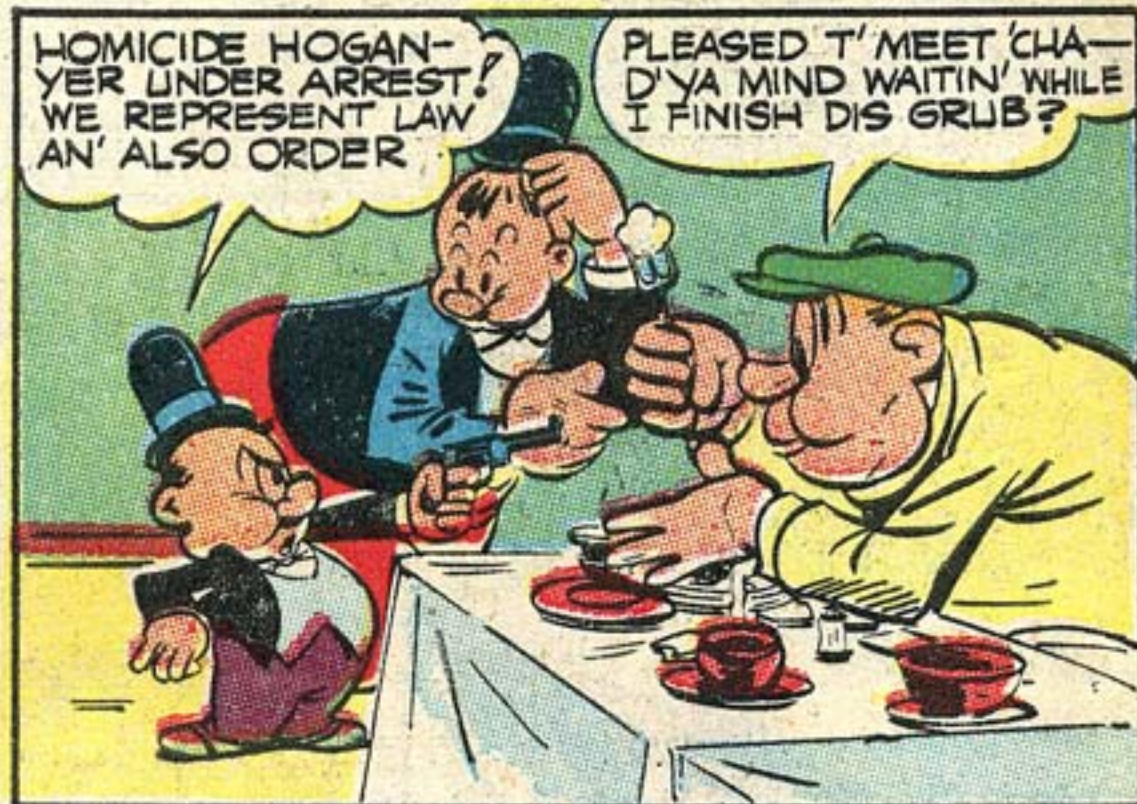
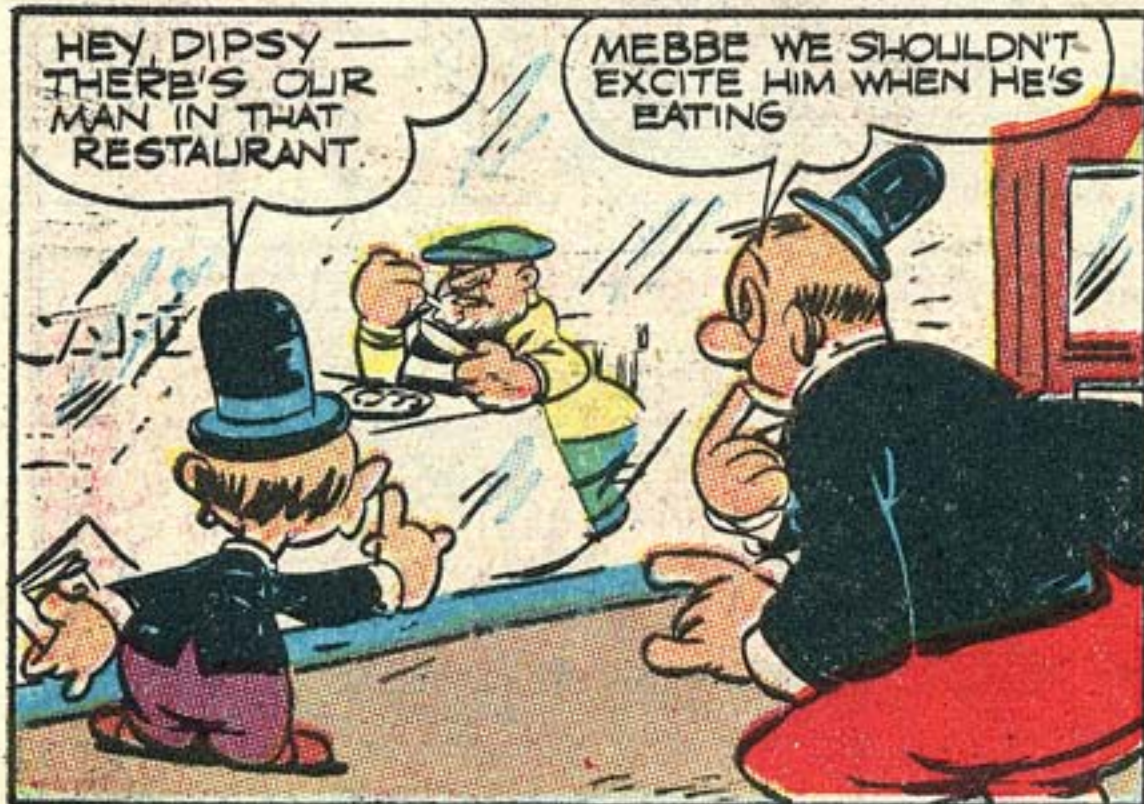
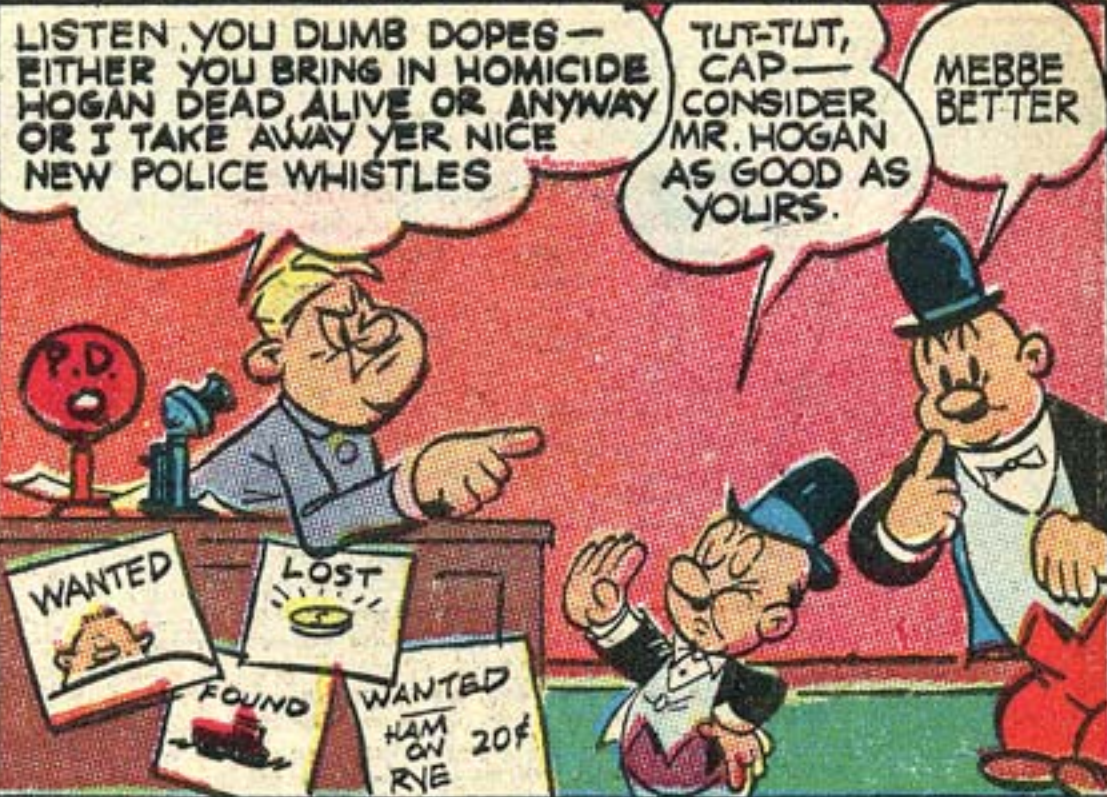
WHEN RITTER IS TOLD, HE FALLS INTO AN INSANE RAGE!

LOOK FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF, 'DOC STRONG' IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF, BLUE RIBBON COMICS.

DIPSY AND DOODLE

DAFFY DETECTIVES

BY QUINCY



LOOP LOGAN

Air Ace

HARD LUCK HAS BEEN STRIKING WITH MYSTERIOUS PERSISTENCY AT THE FRENCH 40TH PURSUIT SQUADRON ON THE WESTERN FRONT! DAY AFTER DAY, FRENCH PILOTS HAVE BEEN LURED INTO AIR TRAPS AND TOTALLY DESTROYED!



LOOP LOGAN, AMERICAN STUNT FLYER, WHO SIGNED UP WITH THE FRENCH, HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE ILL-FATED 40TH. ONE MORNING HE IS SUMMONED BY THE C.O!



DO YOU SUSPECT ANYONE. MAJOR LEROUX?

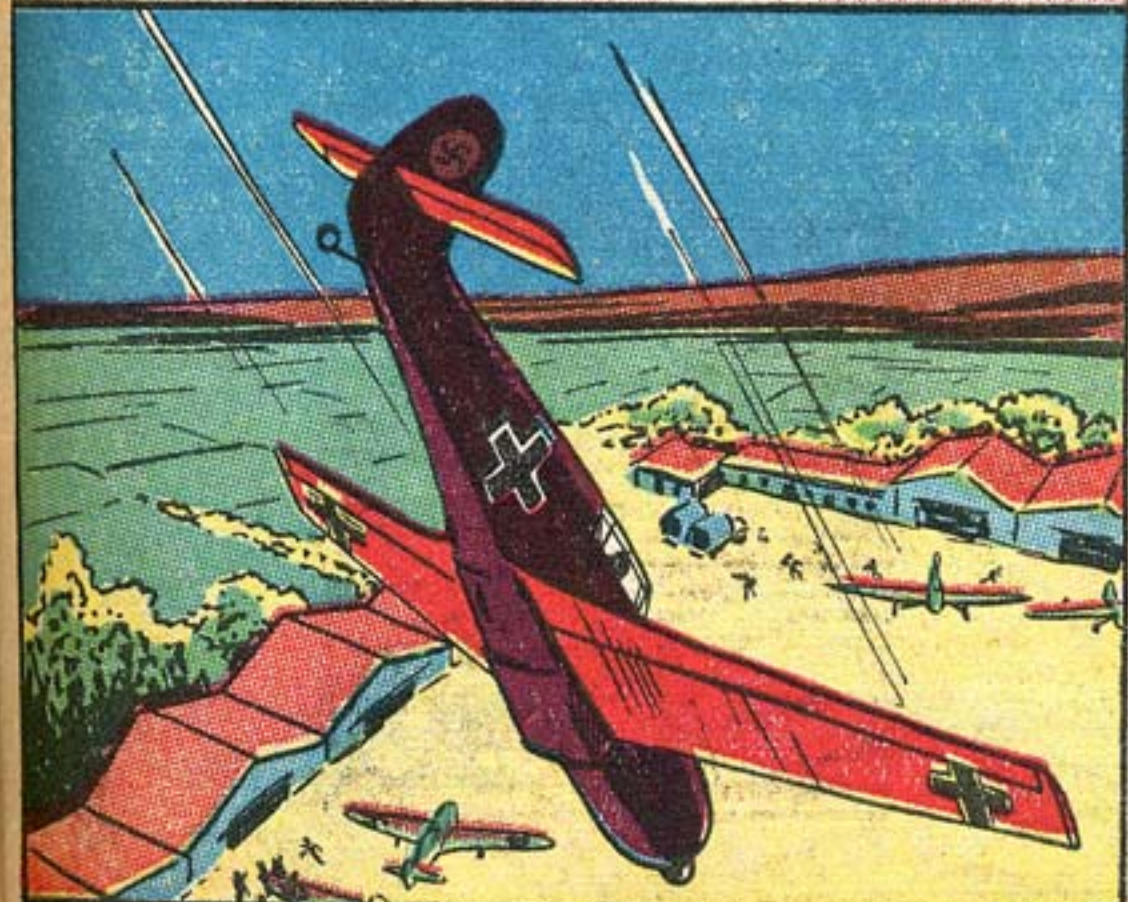
INFORMATION OF OUR EVERY MOVE IS LEAKING OUT!



I SENT LIEUTENANT VIL-LON AND BOYER OUT ON DAWN PATROL. THEY'RE OVERDUE!

THAT LETS THEM OUT. I WONDER-LISTEN! A PLANE!

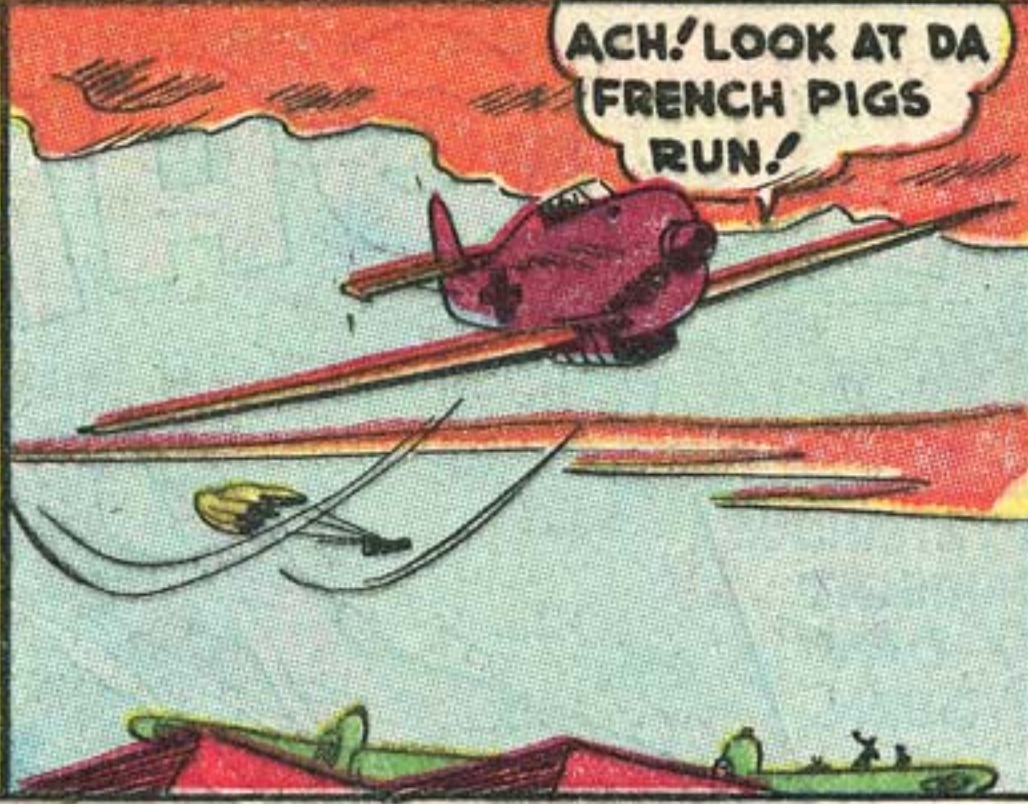
OUTSIDE, A PLANE POWER DIVES TOWARD THE FIELD!



GET IN HERE QUICKLY MAJOR, THAT'S A MESSERSCHMIDT!

WHAT IS THE GER-MAN FOOL UP TO?

THE GERMAN ACE STRAIGHTENS OUT OF HIS DIVE, AND DROPS A MESSAGE!

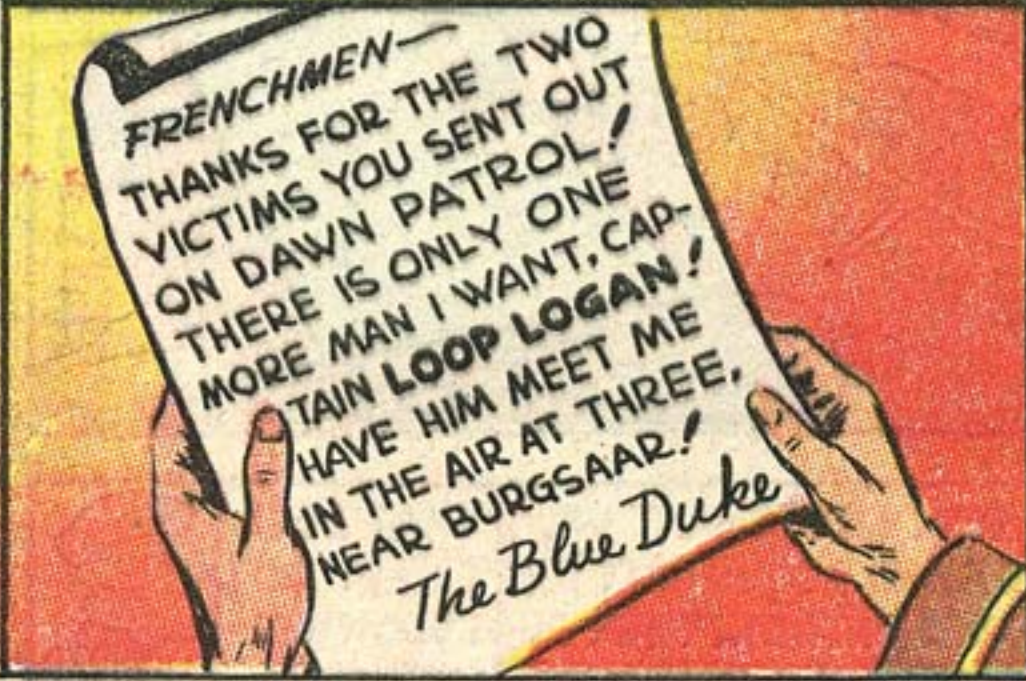


ACH! LOOK AT DA FRENCH PIGS RUN!



THAT MESSAGE MAY BE THE ANSWER TO A LOT OF THINGS!

LOGAN PICKS UP THE MESSAGE AND READS.....



FRENCHMEN—
THANKS FOR THE TWO
VICTIMS YOU SENT OUT
ON DAWN PATROL!
THERE IS ONLY ONE
MORE MAN I WANT, CAP-
TAIN LOOP LOGAN!
HAVE HIM MEET ME
IN THE AIR AT THREE,
NEAR BURGSAAAR!
The Blue Duke



LOOKS LIKE I HAVE A DATE THIS AFTERNOON, MAJOR!

THEY KNOW THAT YOU ARE THE LAST ABLE BODIED FLIER I HAVE LEFT!



MAYBE I CAN LEARN WHO IS BEHIND ALL OUR TROUBLES!

OUI! AS YOU WISH!



LOOP PREPARES TO TAKE OFF!

SO LONG GANG. IF I DON'T COME BACK, YOU CAN SPLIT UP MY ADDRESS BOOK!



AMAZING PEOPLE, THESE AMERICANS!

I GOT A DATE WITH AN ANGEL

A FEW MINUTES LATER LOGAN SIGHTS AN ENEMY PATROL!

HE GUNS DOWN ONE OF THE NAZI SHIPS.

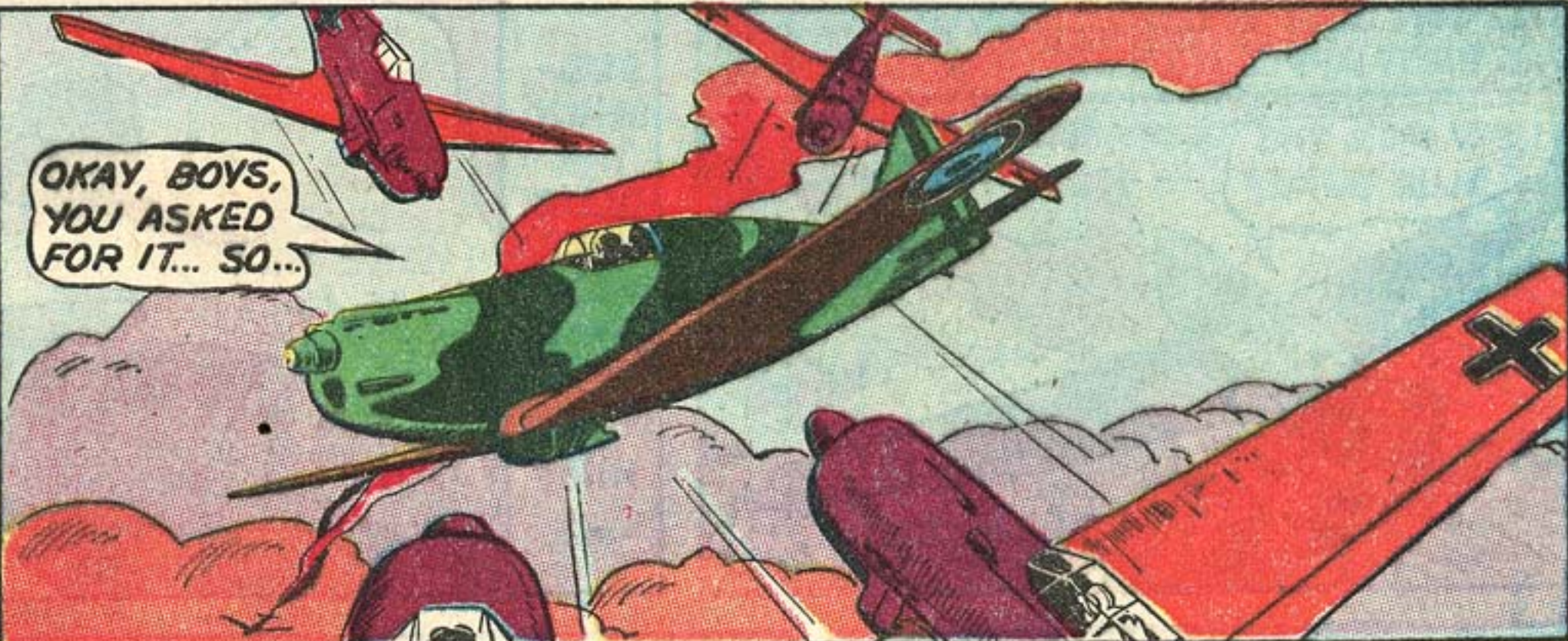


OH! OH!
HERE
COMES
TROUBLE

LOGAN GOES INTO
AN IMMELMAN
AND...

I HOPE
THAT
BLUE DUKE
KEEPS HIS
DATE!

LOOP
LOGAN,
GREATLY
OUTNUM-
BERED,
BATTLES
ON WITH
TIGERISH
FURY
AND
DARING!

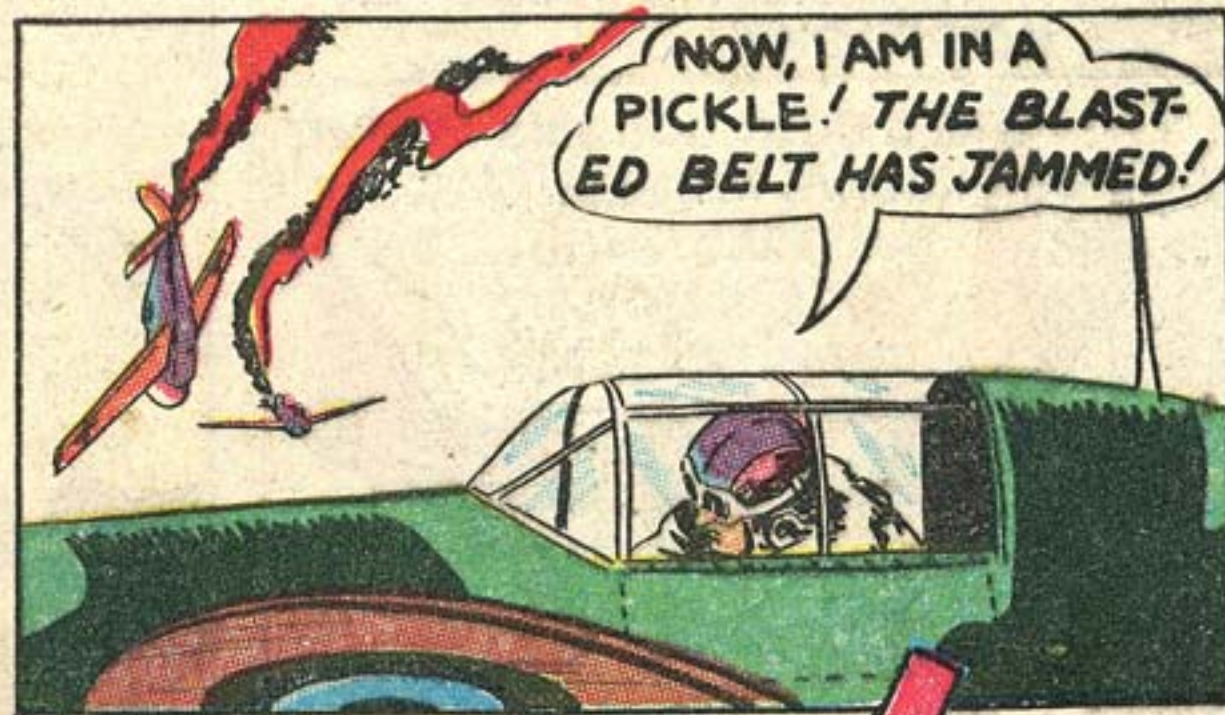


OKAY, BOYS,
YOU ASKED
FOR IT... SO...

LOOP ZOOMS OUT OF GUN RANGE, AND THE NAZIS' CROSS-FIRE STRIKES THEIR OWN PLANES!



HERE GOES!



NOW, I AM IN A
PICKLE! THE BLAST-
ED BELT HAS JAMMED!



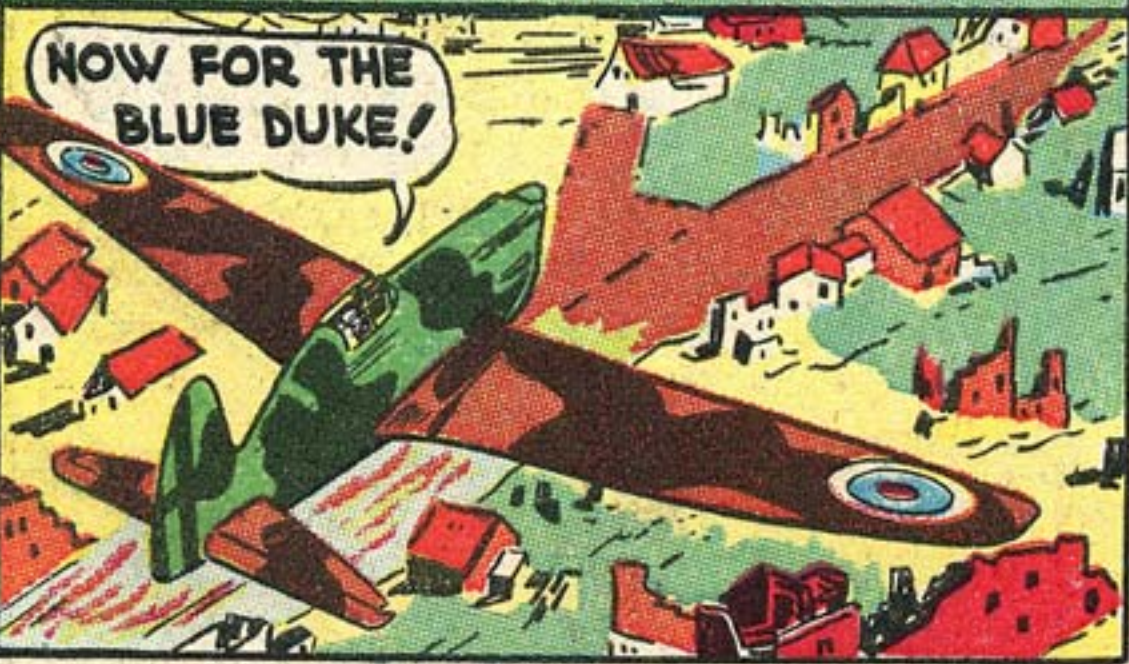
BOY! AM I
GLAD TO SEE
THOSE LIMEYS

JUST THEN... A BRITISH PATROL
JOINS THE FIGHT!

WHEN THE GERMANS ARE DRIVEN OFF, LOOP LOGAN CHECKS HIS AMMUNITION BELT!



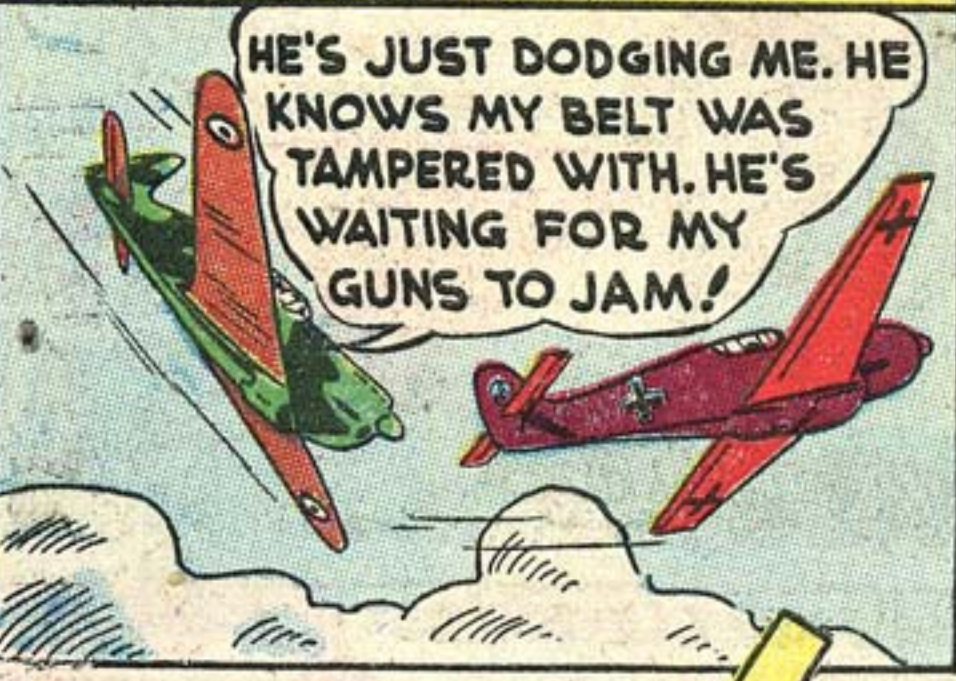
THE GUN BELT FIXED, LOGAN ARRIVES AT THE SPOT APPOINTED FOR THE DUEL!



SUDDENLY THE BLUE DUKE'S PLANE LANCES TOWARDS HIM!



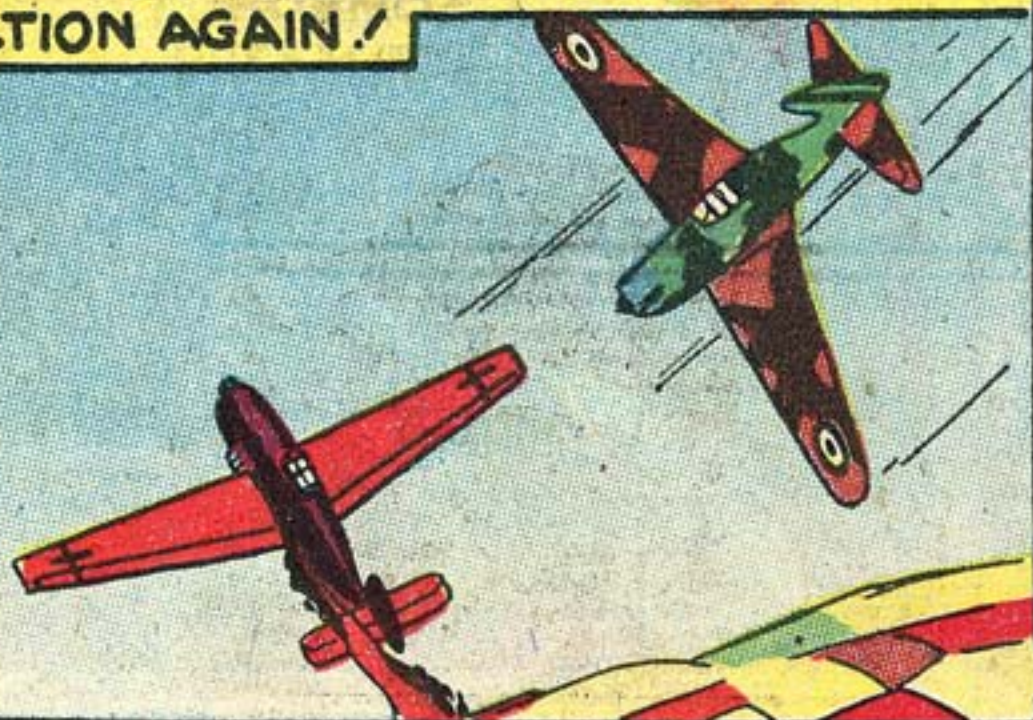
THE TWO COMBATANTS MANEUVER FOR POSITION!



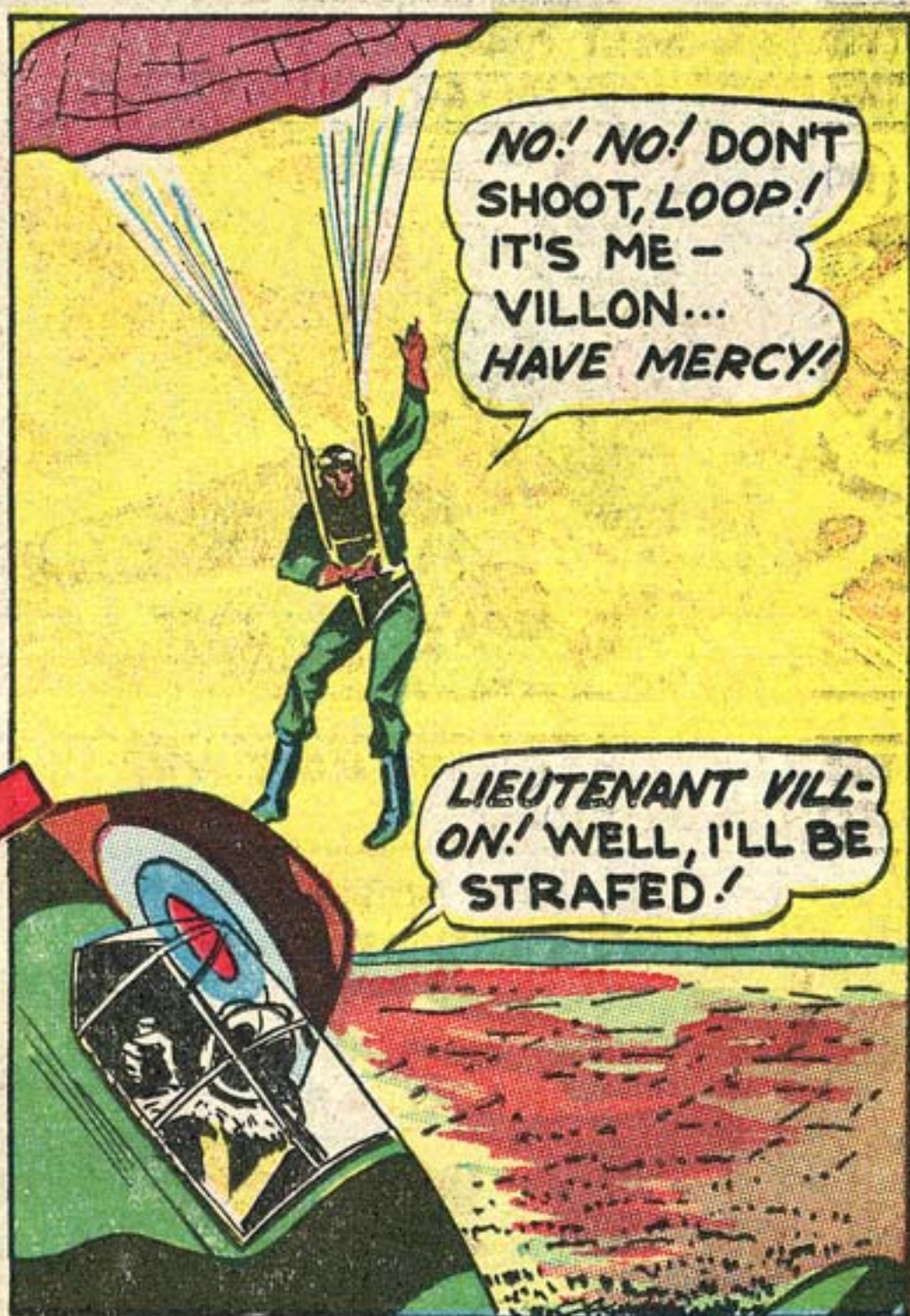
I'LL STOP FIRING, AND PLAY WITH MY GUNS — NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT HE DOES!



LOOP LOGAN'S GUNS ROAR INTO ACTION AGAIN!



AND STRIKE HOME IN THE BLUE DUKES FUEL TANK!



PUZZLED ABOUT VILLON'S PRESENCE IN THE PLANE OF THE BLUE DUKE.. LOGAN LANDS !!

SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M ABOUT TO FIND THE ANSWER TO A LOT OF THINGS!



SO YOU WERE THE SPY RESPONSIBLE FOR GETTING OUR SQUADRON WIPED OUT! WHERE'S BOYER?



BUT VILLON'S INJURY IS FEIGNED. HE WHIPS OUT A LUGER WHEN LOOP'S BACK IS TURNED.

YOU ARE CLEVER! BUT NOT QUITE ENOUGH, AMERICAN SWINE!



LOOP SOON REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.

WHEN! SOME SOCK...BOYER

..YOU !!

SHH! QUIET CAPTAIN LOGAN!



EET IS BIEN ZAT YOU HAVE NOT ZEE FALSE TEETH!

UGH!



LOGAN PEEKS INTO THE NEXT ROOM...

PSST! BOYER..

I'M WORRIED ABOUT LEAVING THOSE TWO PRISONERS IN THE SAME ROOM!

RELAX GUT-MAN, THEY WILL BE SAFE!



THE FRENCHMAN AND AMERICAN MAKE A DESPERATE BREAK!

(RIGHT THROUGH CENTER! THE AMERICAN WAY!



ACH, HIMMEL! STOP!

THEY MAKE THEIR BREAK OUT THE WINDOW TOWARD SOME IDLING PLANES!



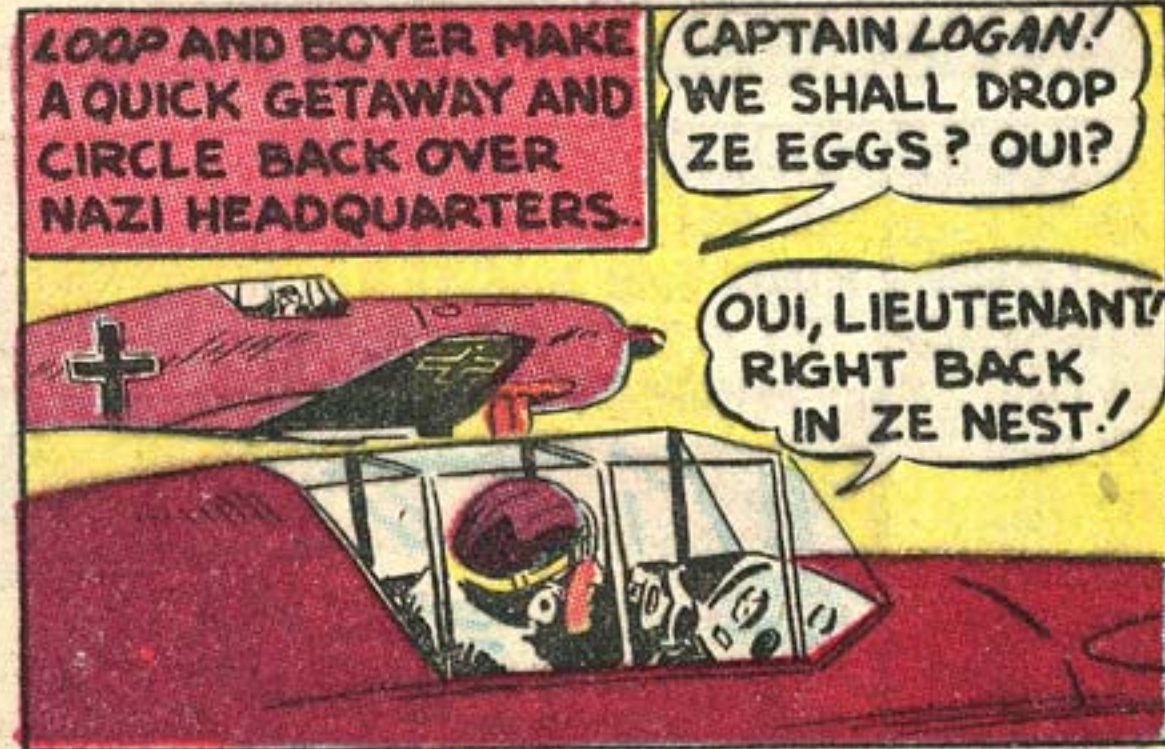
PARDON MY BLUNTNESS, BUT WE'D LIKE TO BORROW THESE MESSERSHMIDTS!



LOOP AND BOYER MAKE A QUICK GETAWAY AND CIRCLE BACK OVER NAZI HEADQUARTERS.

CAPTAIN LOGAN! WE SHALL DROP ZE EGGS? OUI?

OUI, LIEUTENANT! RIGHT BACK IN ZE NEST!



DON'T SAY WE NEVER GAVE YOU ANYTHING, HEINIES!



NAZI BOMBS, FROM NAZI PLANES, DEMOLISH NAZI HEADQUARTERS!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, LOOP LOGAN IS DECORATED...

OH! ZE BRAVE CAPTAIN LOGAN!

THANK GOODNESS THE GANG BACK IN THE STATES CAN'T SEE THIS..



STREAK THROUGH ANOTHER ADVENTURE WITH LOOP LOGAN

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

BLUE RIBBON COMICS ..



SHORTEN & ASHE

The GREEN FALCON

AT THE END OF THE 12TH CENTURY, IN THE REIGN OF KING RICHARD THE LION HEARTED, ALL ENGLAND WAS ABLAZE WITH THE FIRES OF THE CRUSADING SPIRIT. KNIGHTS VIED WITH EACH OTHER IN THE PERPETRATION OF DEEDS OF DARING. MOST HEROIC OF ALL WARRIORS WAS THE GREEN FALCON, AN UNKNOWN KNIGHT, WHO COMMITTED ACTS OF DARING, AND KINDNESS, AND THEN WAS WHISKED BACK INTO THE MISTS FROM WHENCE HE SEEMED TO COME.

OUR STORY OPENS IN ENGLAND WHEN PRINCE JOHN, KING RICHARD'S BROTHER, SAT ON THE THRONE WHILE RICHARD WAS ON A CRUSADE AGAINST THE SARACENS.



Prince John's HERALDS ANNOUNCE THE JOUSTING MATCHES TO BE HELD IN THE ROYAL ARENA.

PRINCE JOHN HAS A LAST WORD WITH HIS FAVORITE KNIGHT, SIR BOLTYN, BEFORE THE JOUSTS.



I HAVE PERSUADED THE FAIR MARION, RICHARD'S WARD, TO WED THE WINNER OF THE JOUSTS!

FEAR NOT, MY LIEGE. THAT SHALL BE MYSELF!

HAHA! PERHAPS MY FEARLESS BROTHER WILL NEVER RETURN. THEN I SHALL RULE ENGLAND WITH AN IRON HAND!



LADY MARION, FAIREST CREATURE IN ALL ENGLAND.



I CRAVE YOUR INDULGENCE MY LORD. THE JOUSTS ARE PREPARED, AND DO BUT AWAIT YOUR PRESENCE.

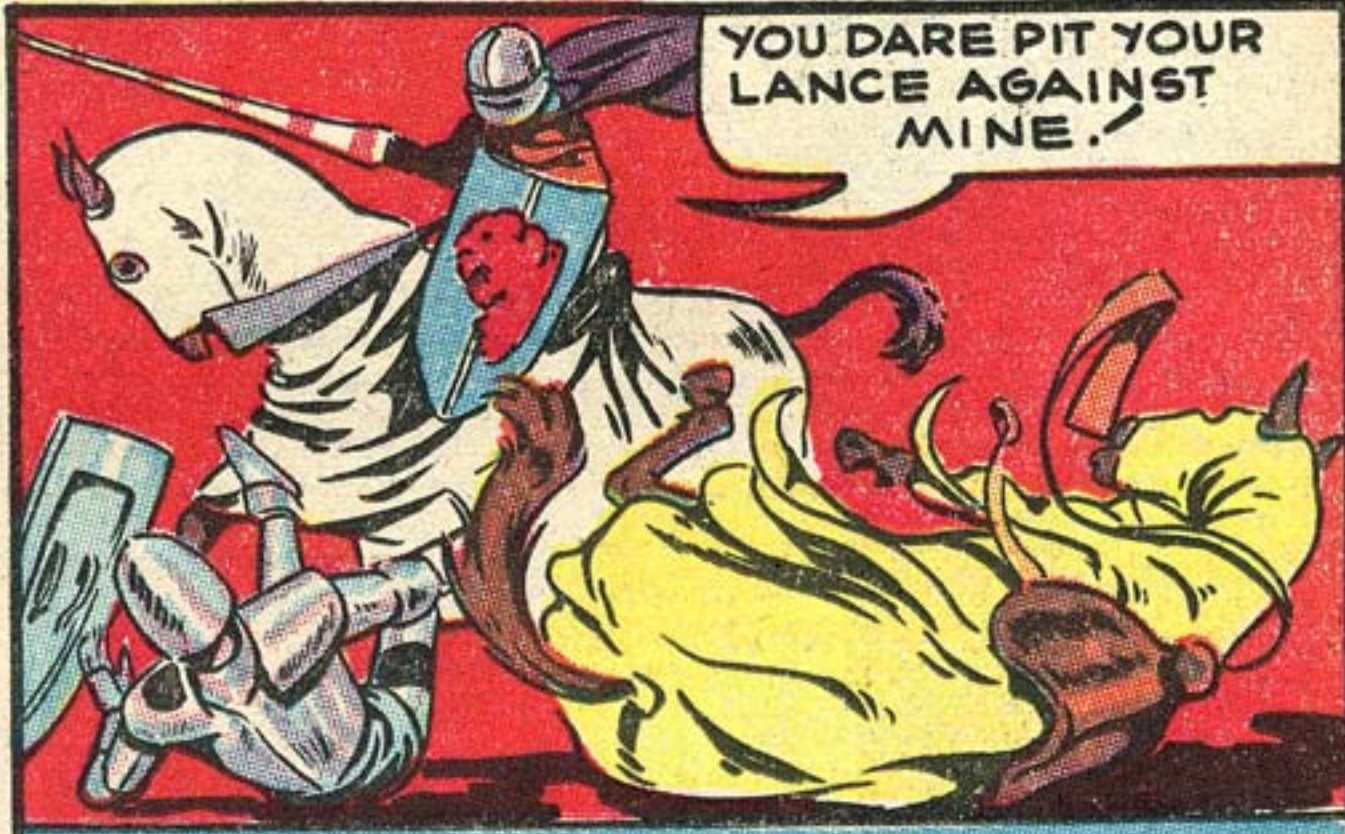
THE GREATEST JOUSTING MATCH IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND IS ABOUT TO BE WAGED, TO DETERMINE THE MIGHTIEST WARRIOR IN THE LAND, AND TO AWARD THE VICTOR, THE HAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL LADY MARION, IN MARRIAGE —



PRINCE JOHN AND THE LADY MARION PREPARE TO VIEW THE PROCEEDINGS.

SIR BOLTYN WILL MAKE YOU A SPLENDID MATCH, MY DEAR.

HE HAS NOT YET WON, MY LORD!

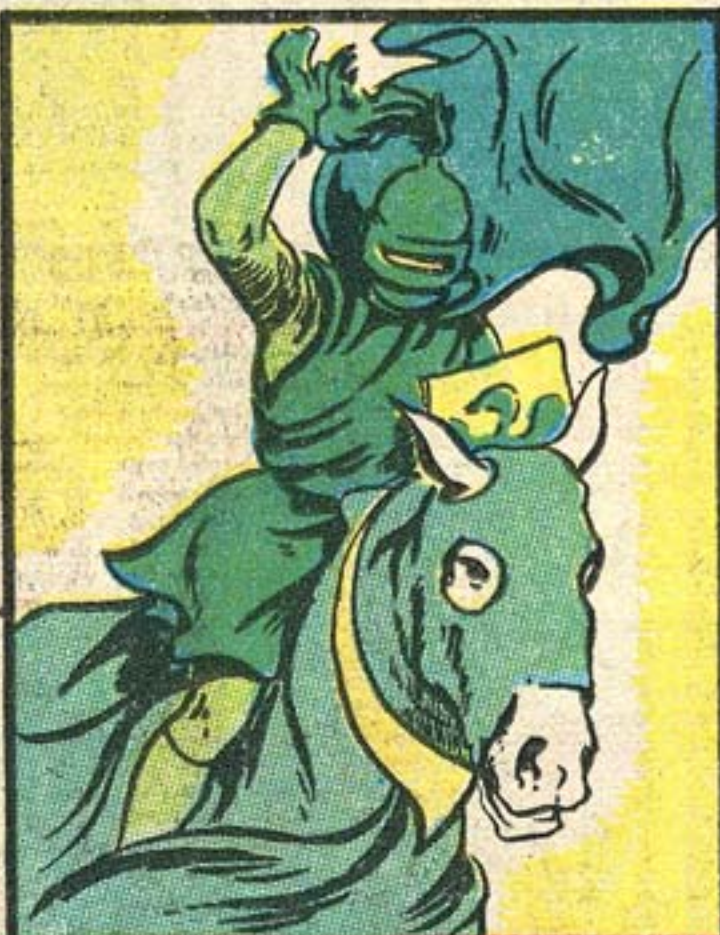


YOU DARE PIT YOUR LANCE AGAINST MINE!

PRINCE JOHN'S PREDICTION SEEMS ON ITS WAY TO FULFILLMENT, AS SIR BOLTYN UNHORSES ALL HIS OPPONENTS.

THE HERALDS ARE ABOUT TO PROCLAIM SIR BOLTYN THE GREATEST WARRIOR IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING.

AND NOW THE PROUD MARION WILL BE FORCED TO MARRY ME!



SUDDENLY AN UNANNOUNCED KNIGHT MAKES HIS APPEARANCE!

I CHALLENGE YOU, SIR BOLTYN—TO HORSE!

DO YOU THINK I WOULD CROSS LANCES WITH A SHABBY KNAVE, SUCH AS YOURSELF!



BUT THE ONLOOKERS
RECOGNIZE
THE GREEN FALCON'S
RIGHT TO CHALLENGE

METHINKS SIR BOLTYN
SHOWS THE WHITE
FEATHER!



WHO IS THE
SCURVY
FELLOW
MY
LORD?



I DO NOT KNOW,
BUT IT WOULD
BE BEST IF
YOU FOUGHT
HIM!

SIR BOLTYN FOLLOWS THE
CUSTOM OF THE KNIGHTS
BEFORE THE FINAL
OPPONENT HAS BEEN
SUBDUED.

WILL YOU GIVE ME
YOUR TOKEN, FAIR
LADY, THAT I MAY
REPRESENT YOU
IN VICTORY?

WHY...
ER....



BUT THE
GREEN
FALCON HAS
OTHER IDEAS.

YOUR FAVOR,
LADY MARION.



LADY MARION
FAVORS THE
HANDSOME
KNIGHT WITH
HER GLOVE.

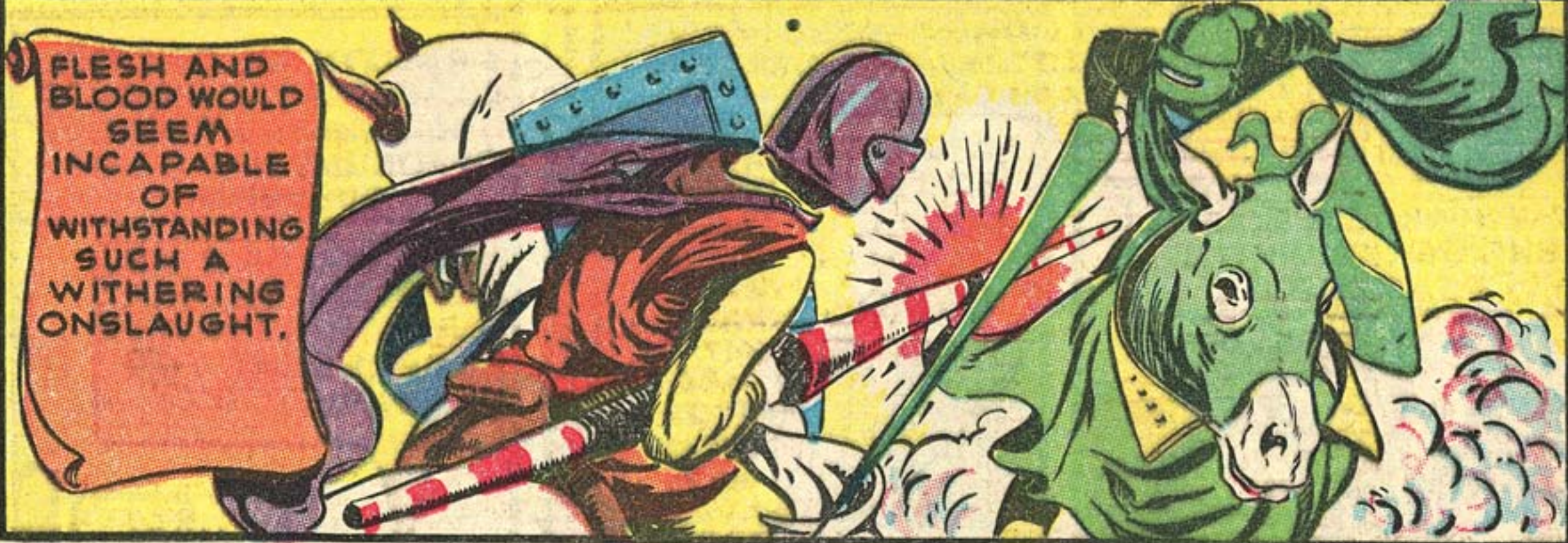
SIR BOLTYN, BURNING WITH
HATRED, DECIDES TO DO
AWAY WITH THE GREEN
FALCON, BY FAIR MEANS OR
FOUL!

I'LL STRAP MY-
SELF TO MY
STEED, SO THAT I
CANNOT FALL OFF.
MY LANCE SHALL
PIERCE THE
KNAVE'S HEART!

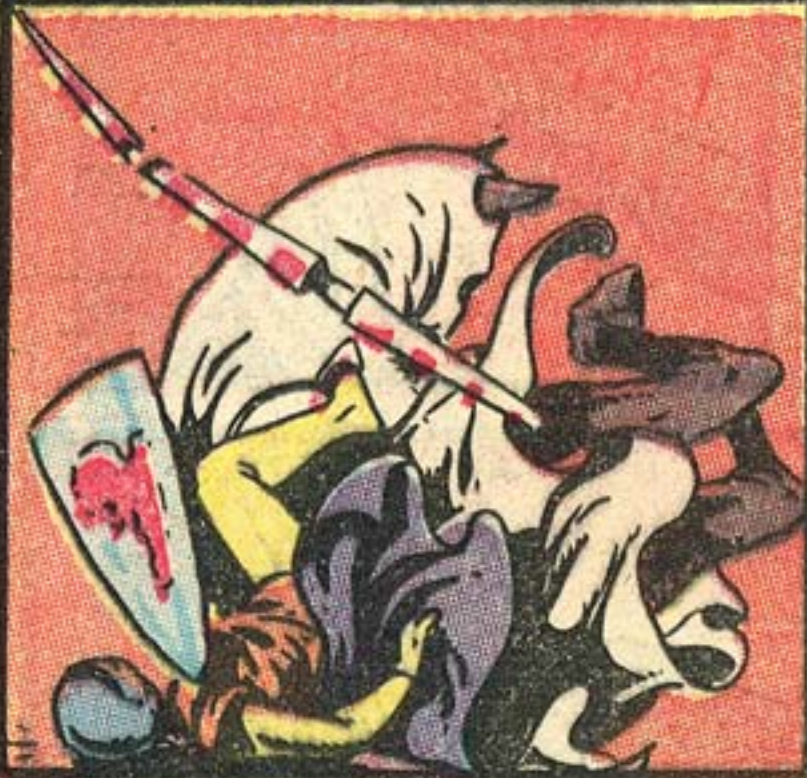


THE LAN-
CERS
DRAW
APART

FLESH AND BLOOD WOULD SEEM INCAPABLE OF WITHSTANDING SUCH A WITHERING ONSLAUGHT.



THE GREEN FALCON MEETS SIR BOLTYN'S SPLINTERING THRUST WITH SUCH STRENGTH, THAT SIR BOLTYN IS OVERTURNED, HORSE AND ALL.



THE GREEN FALCON DISAPPEARS AS SWIFTLY AS HE ENTERED.



FAREWELL! RICHARD IS MY KING!

THE GREEN FALCON SHALL PAY FOR THIS DAY'S WORK!

I AM RELEASED FROM MY BETROTHAL TO SIR BOLTYN MY LORD!

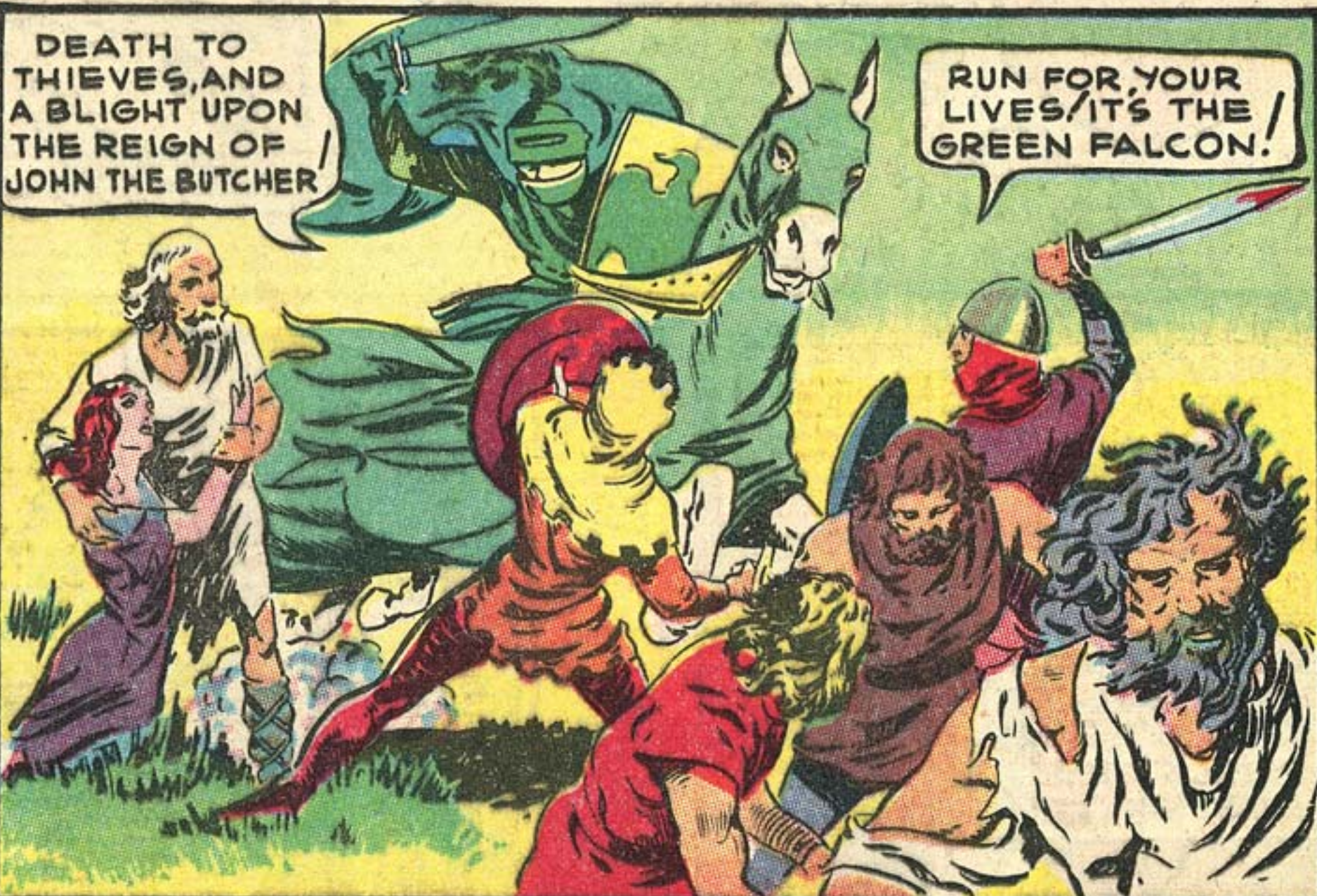


UNDER PRINCE JOHN'S REIGN HIGHWAY ROBBERY FLOURISHES, BUT THE GREEN FALCON SPRINGS UP EVERYWHERE LIKE A FIERCE PHANTOM TO GIVE BATTLE TO THESE FORCES OF INJUSTICE!



4

DEATH TO THIEVES, AND A BLIGHT UPON THE REIGN OF JOHN THE BUTCHER



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S THE GREEN FALCON!

MEANWHILE, RICHARD THE LION HEARTED IS ON THE MARCH TO THE HOLY CITY, IN HIS CRUSADE AGAINST THE SARACENS.

THERE MUST BE NO TURNING BACK. THE HOLY CITY MUST BE RECAPTURED!



BUT MY LORD, OUR SCOUTS REPORT THAT THE FIERCE SARACENS AWAIT US IN LARGE NUMBERS. WE MUST HAVE REINFORCEMENTS!



BUT RICHARD DISREGARDS THE ADVICE OF HIS COUNSEL, AND FEARLESSLY PURSUES HIS COURSE.



FOLLOW, BRAVE ENGLISHMEN! WE CONQUER, OR DIE!



THE WAITING SARACENS ARE MET UP WITH, AND SANDS BECOME RED WITH BLOOD.

ONE OF RICHARD'S KNIGHTS SUDDENLY MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

THE SARACENS HAVE CAPTURED OUR KING!



THE NEWS OF RICHARD'S CAPTURE SOON REACHES HIS BROTHER JOHN.

I SHALL SEE TO IT, SIR BOLTYN, THAT RICHARD NEVER RETURNS!



ONE NIGHT — THE GREEN FALCON MAKES HIS WAY PAST THE PALACE GUARDS TO THE WINDOW OF LADY MARION.



LADY MARION — LADY MARION!

THE GREEN FALCON! I THOUGHT I SHOULD NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!



I COME TO BID YOU GOOD-BYE. I GO TO RESCUE RICHARD.

BUT A PAIR OF HOSTILE EYES DISCOVER THE PRESENCE OF THE GREEN FALCON.



THE PALACE GUARDS ARE SENT TO SLAY THE GREEN FALCON.



THE GREEN FALCON HAS NO TIME TO SEIZE A WEAPON.



THE GREEN FALCON DOES NOT SEE THE SKULKING FIGURE, READY TO DEAL DEATH FROM BEHIND!



BUT LADY MARION SEES! AND WITH UNERRING AIM HURLS A STOOL AT THE ASSASSIN!



THE GREEN FALCON MAKES A HASTY DEPARTURE!

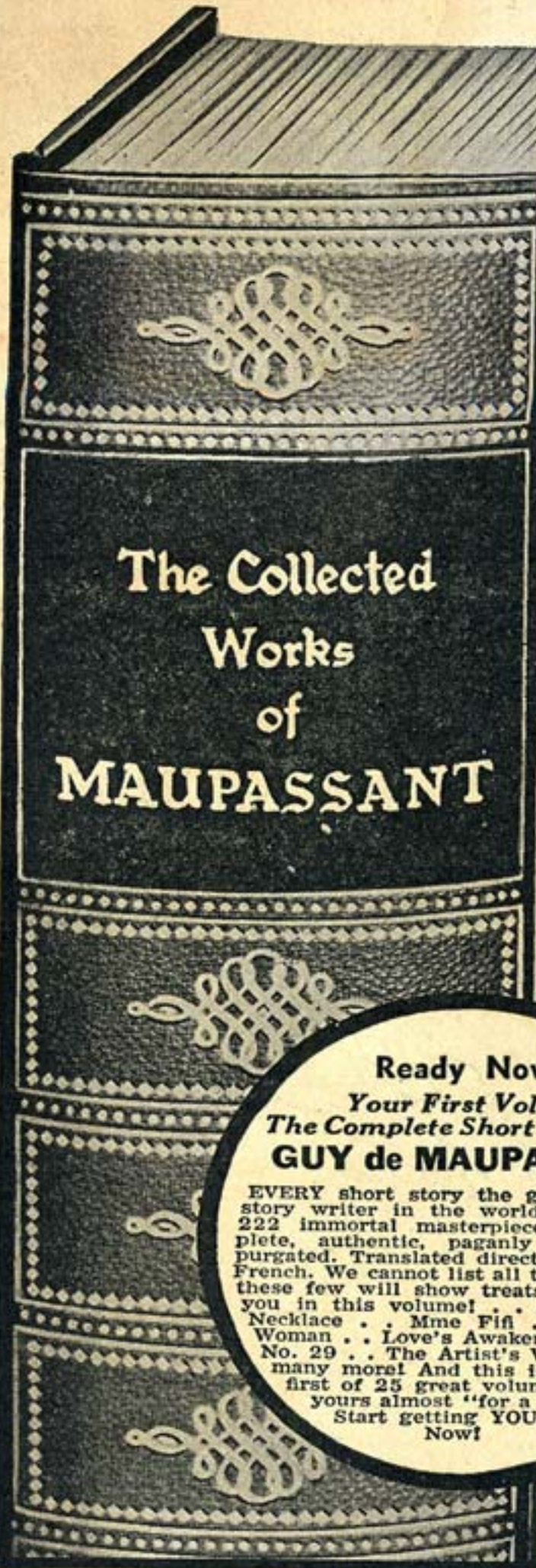


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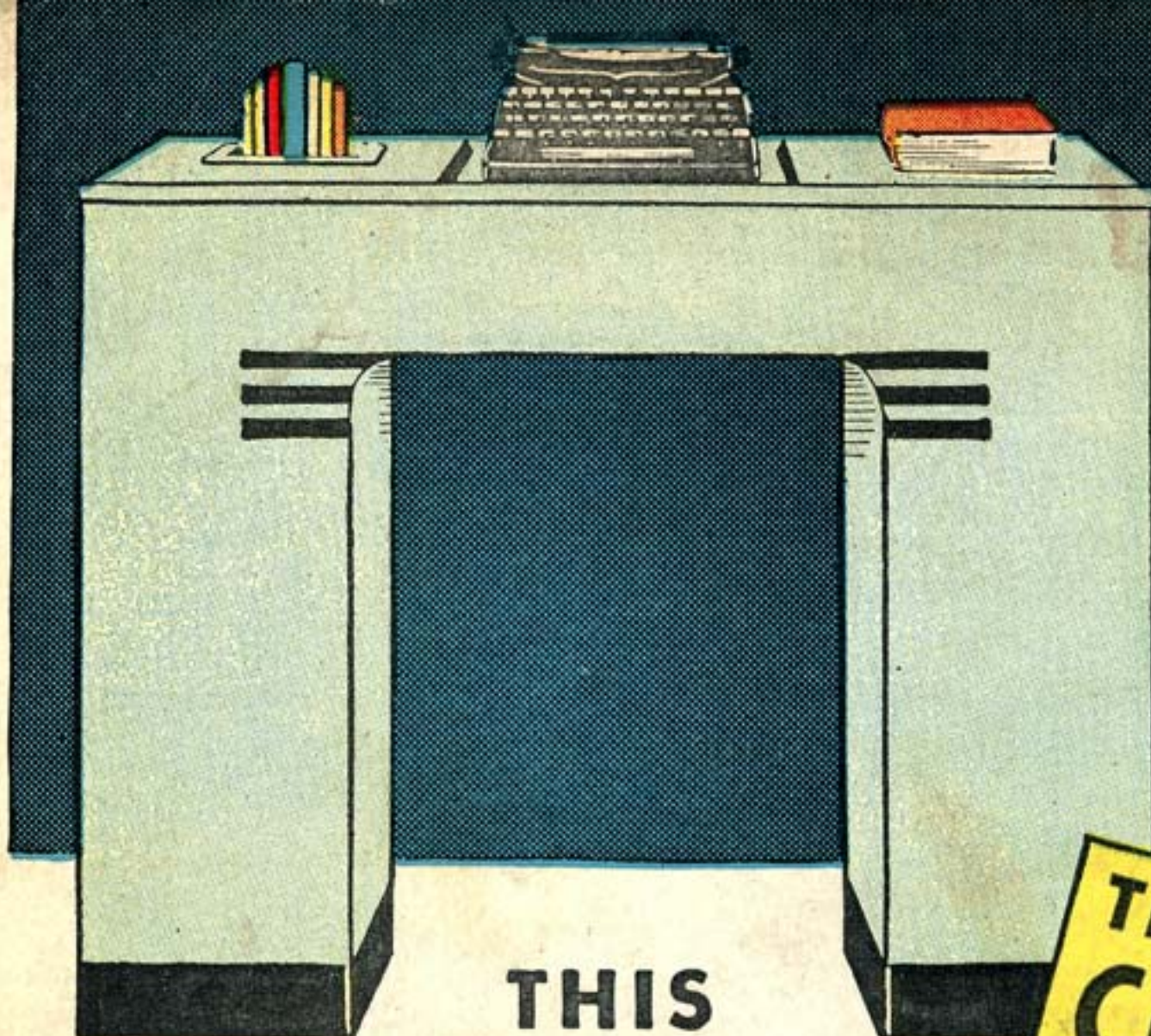
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